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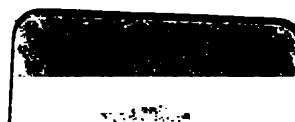
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A GUIDE
TO
THE GRAND NATIONAL AND HISTORICAL
DIORAMA
OF
THE CAMPAIGNS OF WELLINGTON,
BY RICHARD FORD, Esq.



PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETORS, AND ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

London, 1852.

The Diorama of "THE CAMPAIGNS OF WELLINGTON," has been painted by the Proprietors,
MR. THOMAS GRIEVE, MR. WILLIAM TELBIN, and MR. JOHN ABSOLON.

The Animals are painted by MR. ALFRED CORBOULD;
The Battle of Waterloo,
By MR. GEORGE DANSON and Sons;
The Music is composed and arranged by MR. ROPHINO LACY;
The Descriptive Lecture given by MR. J. H. STOCQUELER.

THE PROPRIETORS are indebted to the kindness of
MR. JOHN BURNETT, for his Drawings of the Field of Waterloo;
MR. J. H. STOCQUELER, for his valuable Indian and Oriental information;
RICHARD FORD, Esq., for Sketches made in Spain.

The Drawings on Wood, by MR. CHARLES KEENE, are Engraved by MR. J. COOPER.

BARNARD L. WATSON,
Secretary.

THE PROPRIETORS of the GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, encouraged by the unexampled success of their first attempt, the "*Overland Mail to India*," which was exhibited above 1600 times to more than 400,000 persons now confidently bring forward a new subject of the greatest national and historical interest,—“THE CAMPAIGNS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.” After nearly two years’ preparation, this Diorama is presented on an extended scale to pourtray adequately the localities on which these important events took place. Mr. William Telbin, in order to secure accurate fidelity, has visited Portugal and Spain, and made sketches on the spots themselves. In the progress of the work, the most recognised authorities, military and civil, have been consulted, chiefly the Duke’s “Despatches;” *Napier’s* “History;” *Maxwell’s* “Life of his Grace;” *Hamilton’s* “Peninsular Annals;” *Siborne’s* “Battle of Waterloo;” and *Ford’s* “Handbook for Spain.” Neither pains or expense have been spared to render this exhibition again equally worthy of that unparalleled indulgence and patronage of the public by which the Proprietors were so highly flattered, and for which they are so deeply grateful. The views commence in India, and, continuing in succession, follow his Grace in his victorious career through Portugal, Spain, and France, to the crowning conclusion—the Battle of Waterloo.

THE PROPRIETORS beg earnestly to impress upon their Visitors, that they do not presume, or profess, in these illustrations, to depict battles and sieges with a rigid regard to technical regimental details, or military manœuvres, or even to do more than select particular features of interesting occurrences. The main purpose of the Diorama is to bring before the eye, *pictorial* but just ideas of sites, actions, local colour and costume: they have confined themselves to representing the most striking incidents and emphatic episodes of the Duke’s campaigns, and to truthfully delineating some of the physical difficulties by which he was opposed.

DANGAN CASTLE.

The Colleys or Cowleys of Rutlandshire settled in Ireland in the reign of Henry VIII., and their female descendant married Garret Westley, of Dangan, in the county of Meath. Her grandson, Richard Colley, succeeded, in 1738, to the estates and name of the Westley family, whose founder had followed Henry II. from Sussex, in 1172, as his standard-bearer. Richard Colley Wellesley was created Baron of Mornington in 1747, Viscount Wellesley and Earl of Mornington in 1760. He was married in 1759 to Anne, daughter of Viscount Dungannon, and died in 1781, leaving a numerous family and an embarrassed estate. His admirable widow lived to behold four of her children at once members of the House of Lords. ARTHUR, her fourth son, was born at Dangan Castle, May 1, 1769. He was sent first to Eton, whence, being destined for the army, he was removed to the military college at Angiers in France. He obtained his first commission in the 73rd, March 7, 1787, and rose, September 30, 1793, to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the 33rd. In 1794, he ably covered and protected the retreat of the Duke of York in Holland, and became a Colonel, May 3, 1796. In 1797, after a narrow escape of shipwreck, he landed in India with his regiment, where his brother, Lord Mornington, arrived the next year as Governor-General.

Of his subsequent achievements he has been his own and the best historian. Born, bred, and educated a gentleman, he could not lie like a revolutionary upstart, nor exchange—a conqueror of conquerors—the simplicity of greatness for bombast. His style is the exponent of the man,—the impersonation of practical common sense; a plain unvarnished tale is set down, with no fine writing about fine fighting: the iron energy of his sword entered into his pen, and as he battled, so he wrote. Truth, without which there can be no real greatness or manliness, was his polar star in every page; honour, and to do his duty, his object in every act; and glory, not filthy lucre, his absorbing pursuit. He never contaminated his golden mind with the dross of pillage or peculation; his shrine of renown was approached through the temple of virtue, and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means to support a dignity carved out with untarnished sword.

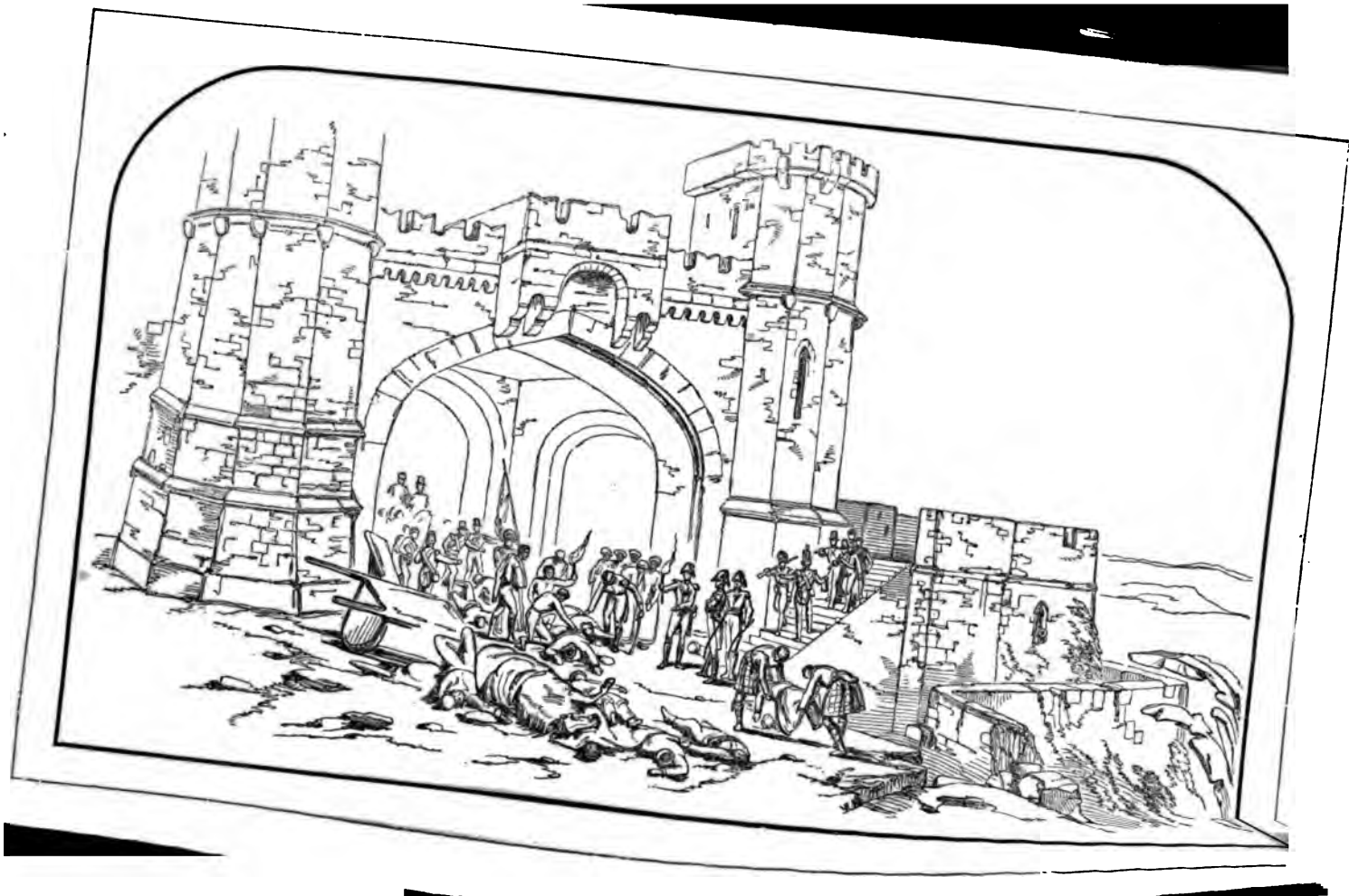
In India, a wider field was opened for the exercise of a genius that rose with difficulty—a spirit that never flagged in the arduous race. Then, as ever after, foresight and enterprise went hand in hand. He never advanced but so as to be secure of retreat, never retreated, but in such an attitude as to impose respect on a superior enemy; and having taken fortress after fortress, defeated army after army, routed Marshal after Marshal, he perfected the good work by annihilating their mightier master. Then, having cropped all their honours to make a garland for his brow, he raised the military character of his country to the days of the Black Prince and Marlborough, and made the superiority of the British *soldier over his foe on land, as incontestable as that of the British sailor on his home, the deep.*

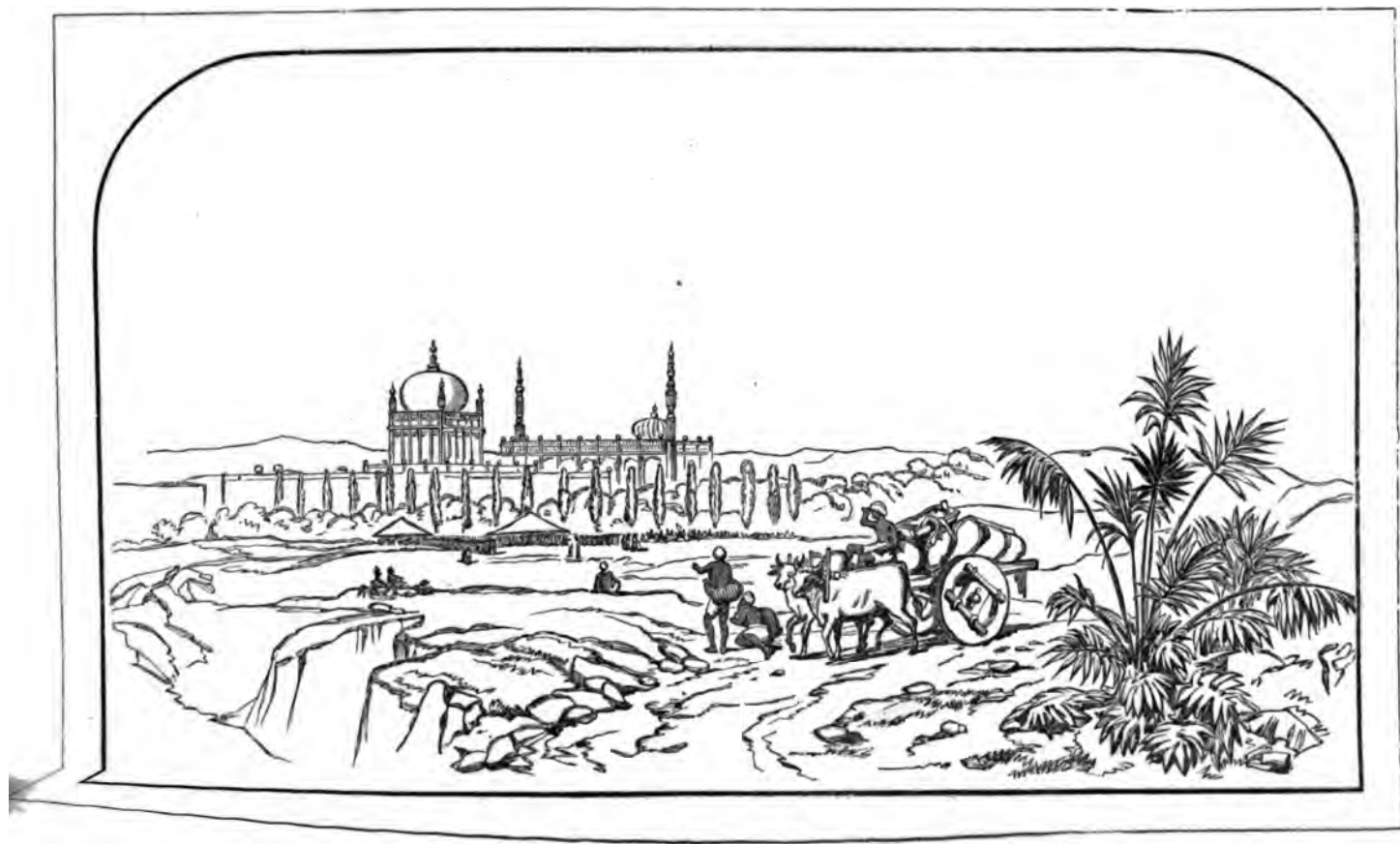


THE FINDING TIPPOO SAIB'S BODY.

Affairs in India, however peaceful in appearance, were never in a more perilous state than when Lord Mornington arrived in 1798. Never had British interests encountered a fiercer, falsier foe, than Tippoo Saib, the Sultan of Mysore. This blood-thirsty fanatic inherited with his power the deadly hatreds of his father, Hyder Ali. Humbled in 1797 by Lord Cornwallis, shorn of half his dominions and resources, he clandestinely girded himself up for a great revenge, and under the professions of friendship, masked preparations for a war of extermination of the English—the waking dream and occupation of his life. Soon his cabinet and camp were directed by French intriguers, and a communication opened with Buonaparte, who had landed in Egypt. Lord Mornington, fully informed of his duplicity and hostility, anticipated his designs and prevented their execution. The British forces crossed the frontier March 11, 1799, and advanced on Seringapatam, which General Harris besieged April the 5th; the fortified outworks, thickets, and enclosures were soon carried by Colonel Wellesley. Batteries were brought to bear, breaches were made, and an assault ordered for May 4th, when the troops, led by Baird, regardless of the burning sun and enemies' fire, planted the British standard on the ramparts, in less than ten minutes after issuing from the trenches. Colonel Wellesley, one of the first to enter after the storm, was appointed Governor, "no person being more likely to combine every office of humanity with prudential precautions."

Tippoo, who considered himself the chosen servant of the prophet, never would believe that Seringapatam could be taken, and still less in the daytime. When the assault began, he rose from table and hastened to defend the outworks, more as a sharp-shooter than a general. Soon his flying troops and the advancing musketry announced the progress of the stormers. Wounded as he fell back, by a chance ball, he furiously urged his horse amid the flying masses, which blocked up the narrow sally-port. Hemmed in by a deadly fire, where quarter was neither asked for nor given, soon the stricken Sultan's horse was killed under him. Now his jewelled costume attracted one of the stormers, who dashed at the glittering spoil, and being slightly wounded by the undaunted son of Hyder, shot him through the head. Thus perished Tippoo, unknown, and amid a mob of fugitives, although the rear was open, and the means of escape and future resistance in his power. This death was in keeping with the career of one to whom peace was intolerable. "Give me rather," said he, "a two days' life of the tiger, than one of two hundred years like a lamb's." His body, stripped of every valuable, was left naked and disregarded. Later in the day, when the Sultan was missed at the palace, a torch-light search was made on the spot where he was last seen alive, and the corpse at length was found under the mangled heap, and recognised by the talisman *amulet encircled round his right arm.* It was still warm, the eyes were unclosed, and their fiery expression so unchanged *that his death was doubted,* until Colonel Wellesley, pressing his heart with his fingers, felt that all was still.





TOMB OF HYDER ALI.

The body of Tippoo was placed in his own palanquin of state, shrouded with a rich shawl, and decorously carried to the palace that evening. Next morning, Colonel Wellesley hoisted flags of truce, and severely put down riot and plundering by his energy and well-timed activity. Confidence and good order were speedily restored, and those who had fled during the assault returned; in three days the thronged and gay city appeared rather the scene of an Eastern fair, than of a storm and sack, so sad and recent. While kind and honourable treatment was assured to the children of the Sultan, a promise of clemency was held out to his subjects, and the dead were especially protected from indignity; every usage and religious prejudice were respected and observed. The corpse of the Sultan was delivered to his Mussulman attendants; and now the body of him on whose breath life so recently hung, presented a ghastly but soldier-like form; the head shattered by a musket ball, the right side riddled with bayonet wounds—the least a death to nature, yet all received in front. His remains were solemnly laid out and his funeral rites performed, not only with every pomp and circumstance, royal and religious forms usual in state interments of the ruler of Mysore, but enhanced by every military honour shown by Europeans at a soldier's burial. As the afternoon closed, the long train quitted the palace. The bier was supported by his courtiers and attendants; the ceremony proceeded and followed by English grenadiers, while minute guns were fired. Tippoo's son rode immediately after the body, as chief mourner, attended by the native Governor and highest officers on foot. The line of march was densely thronged by the inhabitants of Seringapatam, who prostrated themselves in the dust as the remains of their late lord and master passed to their long home; at the entrance of the town, the chiefs of the Nizam army fell into the procession. The superb mausoleum of Hyder Ali, to which his confined son was now borne, lies in well-watered gardens, outside the city walls; at its entrance the English grenadiers formed a street, and presented arms. When the last solemn rites were concluded, and Tippoo was laid by his father's side, both sepulchres were covered with brocaded cloths, and the floor strewed daily with fresh flowers. An English guard protected the devotees who crowded to a place sanctified by the holiest associations, and a permanent establishment of Moulahs and choristers was appointed to offer up continual prayer and chaunt for their souls' much-needed repose.

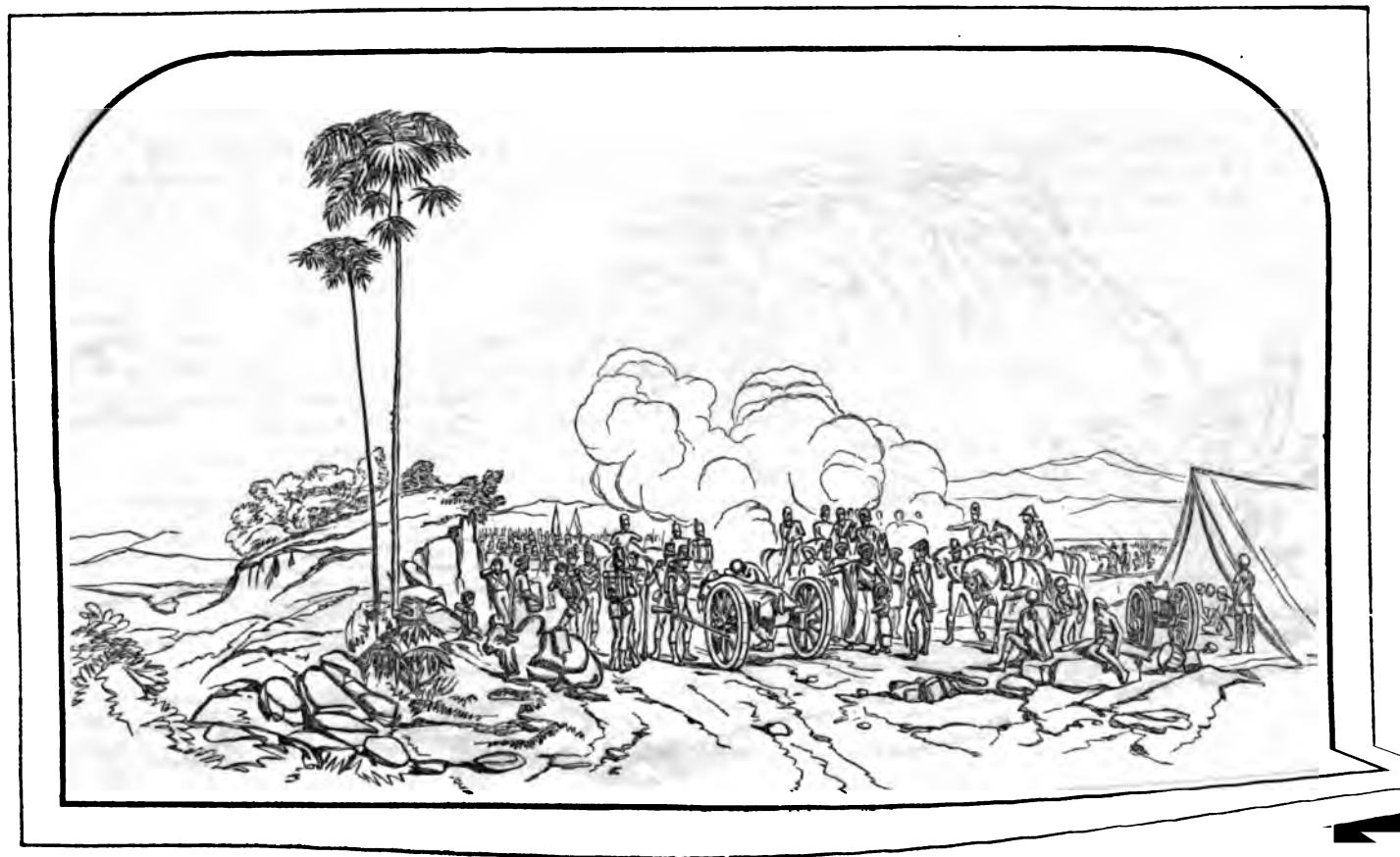
On this night, when the tomb thus closed on Tippoo Saib, a storm, sudden and terrific even in the Tropics, arose. Then, with peal after peal, the artillery of heaven sounded his knell, and forked flashing lightnings illuminated his grave, announcing far and wide to the East, that a turbulent spirit had departed and was at rest for ever.

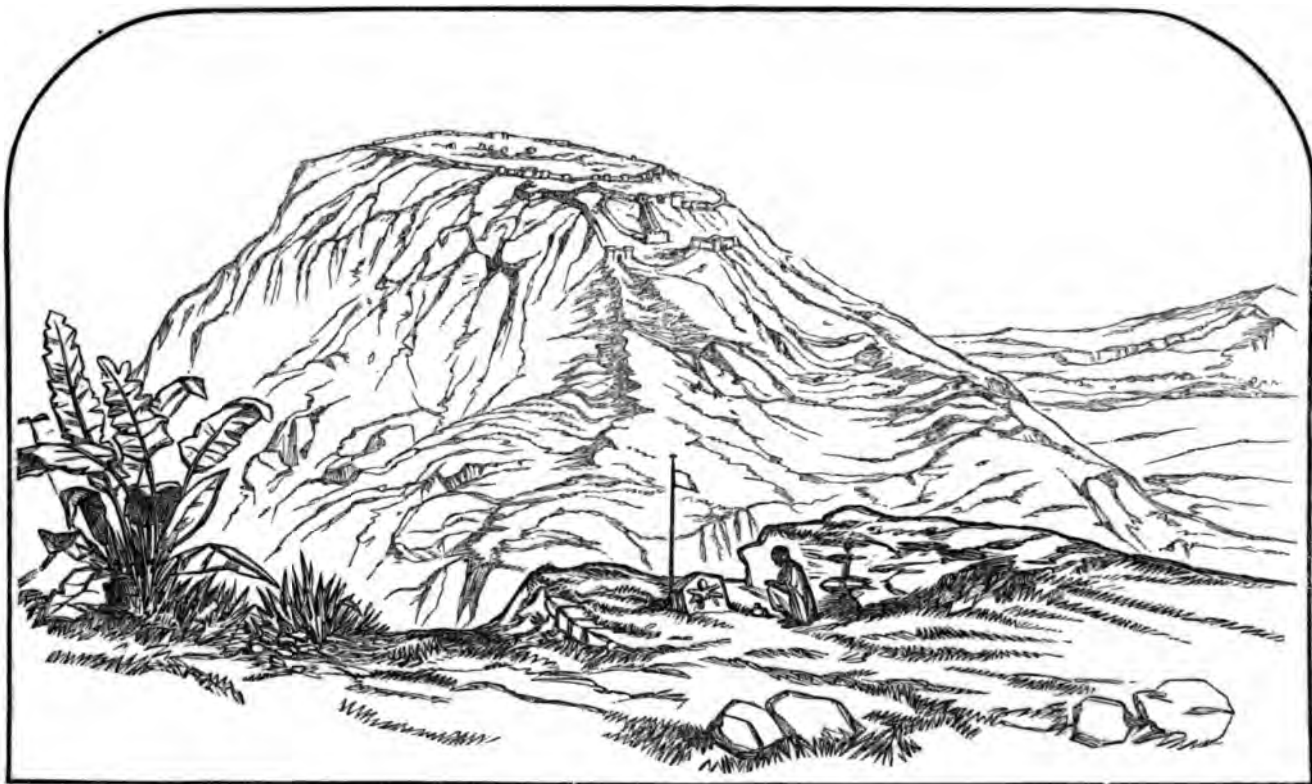
THE DEATH OF DHOONDIAH WAUGH.

The dungeons of Seringapatam were found choked with the prisoners of the merciless, suspicious Tippoo; they were all restored at once to liberty by the indiscriminate, inconsiderate mercy of the English. Among them was Dhoondiah Waugh, one of those bold and dangerous adventurers, who have so often subverted and founded dynasties in the East. Originally a Mahratta trooper in the service of Hyder Ali, at his death he deserted and turned freebooter, until lured by Tippoo's false promises, he returned, to be consigned to hopeless bondage. No sooner a free man again, than he gathered round him all the discontented and disbanded troops which swarmed in the Mysore. As his cruelty and depredations increased with his swelling followers, and as the transition from robber to soldier is but a change of name in India, serious consequences were apprehended from his growing audacity and influence. At length, Colonel Wellesley, although holding a marauder to be "a despicable enemy," felt the absolute necessity of his destruction, to secure tranquillity and prevent a general rising against the English; and having, May 24, 1800, received positive orders to "pursue the rebel, wherever he" could find him, and hang him on the first tree," grappled seriously with the enterprise. Meanwhile Dhoondiah, elated by his countless followers, assumed the title of the "King of the world," and rallying every Mussulman to his standard, proclaimed that it was soon destined to wave over the re-captured ramparts of Seringapatam. Then Colonel Wellesley, collecting all the disposable forces in the Mysore, "gave chase," as he termed it, and an interminable one, as he believed, to this "single man," whose person he feared he "never could catch," although he hoped to crush his bands and disable him from further mischief. He started from Seringapatam towards the end of May 1800, and pursuing a long and weary hunt, with true sportsman's spirit, ran into his crafty quarry; and, September 10th, in spite of doubling and dodging, "killed" at Conahgull near Racchor, on the frontier of the Nizam territory.

Dhoondiah was surprised on the 9th by his pursuer, who, unknown to him and when within nine miles, was detained by the badness of the weather and the exhaustion of his troops, but "after a most anxious night," marched early and pounced on the "King of the world;" he instantly drew up his "victorious army," about 5000 horse, in a strong position, and stood firm. Colonel Wellesley, who had only four regiments of cavalry, formed in one line to equalise in length that of the enemy, and charged at once; he was splendidly seconded by his troops, "all," said he "behaved admirably; and had they" not done so, not a man would have quitted the field."

The enemy turned, fled, and were followed for miles; they lost everything. The body of Dhoondiah was found, and brought in on one of the guns attached to the 19th Dragoons. After the conflict, Salabuth, the favourite son of the "King of the world," a child about four years old, was taken with the baggage and carried to the victor's tent; the orphan *was tenderly treated by Colonel Wellesley who, at his own expense, reared him, and when he quitted India, provided several hundred pounds for his future maintenance and education, earnestly recommending the boy to every resident. He* subsequently grew to be a fine intelligent youth, and entered in the service of the Rajah of Mysore;—"what more need





THE DROOG, OR HILL FORT.

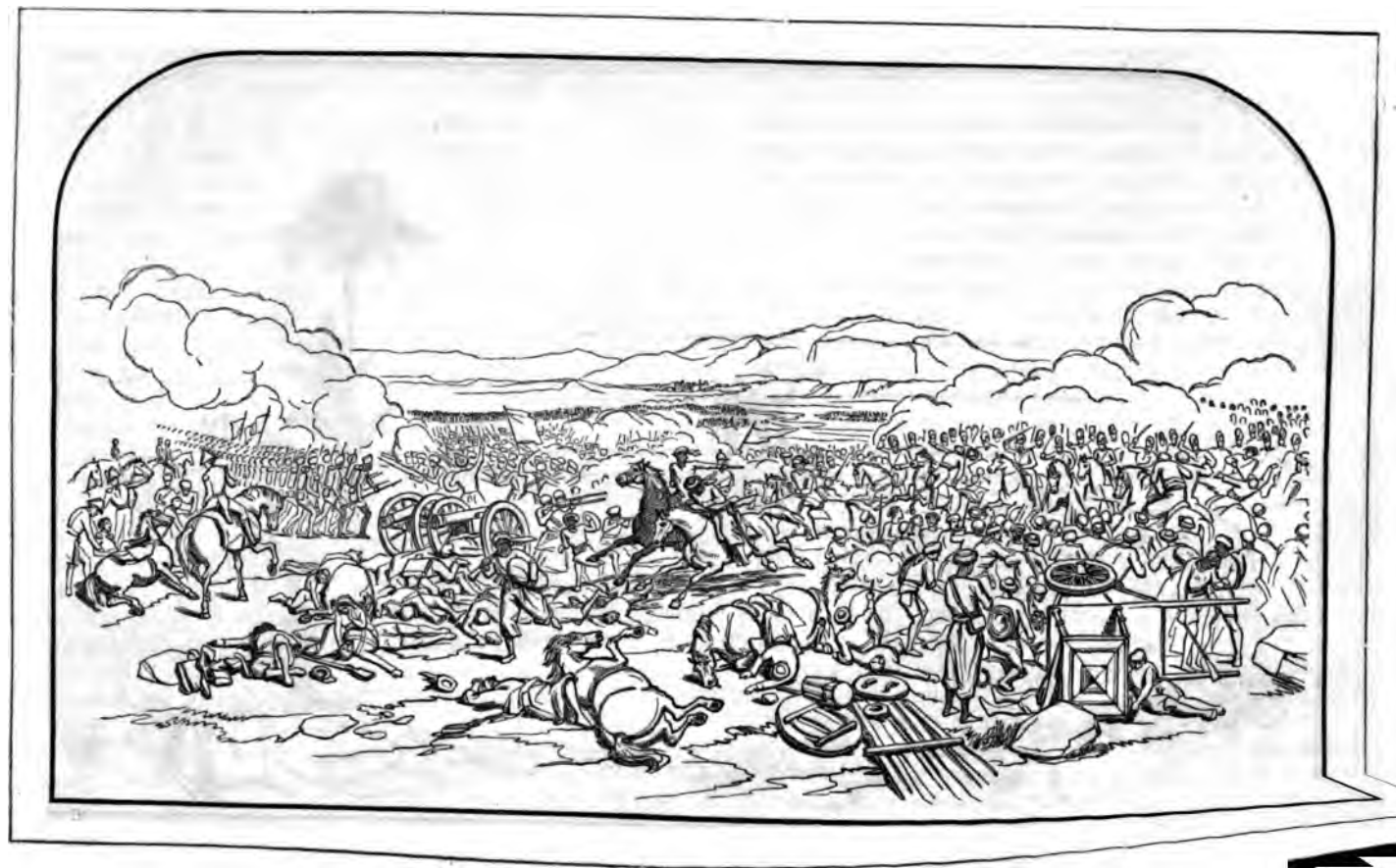
The vast theatre on which Sir Arthur performed these noble acts consists chiefly of an elevated table-land ; the irregular surface is broken by ridges and rivers, by jungle swamps and wastes. The natural difficulties presented to the advance of a large army are no less infinite than those occasioned by the elements and seasons. Here, everything is in the extreme ; during the rainy periods, the rich alluvial soils become quagmires ; during the summer periods, the heat is intolerable, vegetable life seems extinct, rivers are dried up, and means of subsistence become most precarious. Yet the progress of Sir Arthur Wellesley, at all times and seasons, whether passing through friendly or hostile districts, was comparatively easy. Although his long march on Assye was undertaken at an unfavourable moment, and pushed into the very nests of the Mahratta hornets, his victor fame pioneered a path, his conciliatory policy smoothed a way ; he then, as afterwards in France, was everywhere hailed by the natives as a friend and a protector from the pillage and exactions of their own countrymen. The industrious cultivators of the plains immemorially beheld with terror the *Droogs*, or castle forts, which all around crowned the heights of the peculiar isolated hills, or bristled on the jutting promontories of the mountain spurs. They well knew that these frowning battlements were the hereditary lairs of rapacious freebooters, who, sweeping down, carried off in a day's raid the produce of a year's toil. The chieftains of these strongholds, like the predatory feudal barons of Europe, spared neither pains nor skill in the artificial strengthening of fastnesses selected from their natural difficulty of access. The steep ascents were scarped, long lines of tower and wall were carried over rock and precipice, until defences multiplied on defences bade defiance to spear and scimitar, and looked down with contempt on the feeble efforts of Oriental artillery.

Sir Arthur Wellesley never permitted his advance to be arrested by obstacles apparently so formidable ; nor ever were they able to resist his well-directed, sudden, and resolute assaults. The crumbling and dismantled ruins of these eagle aeries, perched exactly where the painter would wish them, still bleach in the sun ; skeletons of a system whose spirit is fled, they stand forth cutting the blue sky,—the monuments of the strong arm of that great Captain who exterminated their robber lords, and cheered the humble plains with the hopes, that peace, justice, and security alone can guarantee. Now the sword is turned into the ploughshare ; and near sites where the orphan mourned at the tomb of murdered parent, the golden harvest smiles and the sheaves are garnered in with joy and thankfulness.

THE BATTLE OF ASSYE.

Major-General Wellesley—he was gazetted April 2nd, 1802—soon foresaw an approaching campaign in the Deccan, and sounded a clear note of preparation. The vast territories of the Mahrattas, with a population exceeding 40 millions, were now partitioned among five independent princes, although a nominal superior, the Peshwah, was still acknowledged. The object of Scindiah and Holkar, the two most powerful rivals, who both maintained large armies formed and disciplined by Frenchmen, was to influence the Peshwah, and thus virtually command the Mahrattas. The Peshwah, on his capital Poonah being occupied by Holkar, determined to throw himself on the English for protection against both, and a treaty offensive and defensive was signed December 3rd. The Major-General advanced with the new year, and by forced marches appeared, when least expected, before Poonah, which he captured and restored to its legitimate ruler. The struggle with Scindiah now began in earnest. Invested with supreme military and political authority, the chief difficulty of the Major-General was to bring his wily opponent (whose true policy lay in a Parthian defence) to a pitched battle, where moral skill and discipline must triumph over numerical and mere physical superiority. At length, after infinite marches and manœuvres, cities taken by storm, and minor conflicts, the Major-General reached the enemy in September. The British forces consisted of two divisions; one 9000 strong, was commanded by the Major-General, the other, numbering 8000, by Colonel Stevenson, an old and excellent officer. Unaware of the immediate vicinity of Scindiah, and obliged on the 22nd, in consequence of local obstacles, to separate the two divisions for a short time, the next morning, Major-General Wellesley found himself single-handed, and unexpectedly at Assye, close to the combined forces of the confederate chieftains. The numerical disparity was immense. Of his 9000 men, only 1600 cavalry and 1500 infantry were British, and this handful was opposed to an army nearly 50,000 strong and backed by 100 guns, and formidably posted in battle array. Feeling in this dilemma that the boldest counsel was the best, and that any delay or acting on the defensive would be ruinous, he determined instantaneously to attack, and moved forward his whole line, and despite of a fire of artillery admirably served, charged at once with the bayonet. The enemy gave way in every direction; then the cavalry poured on the fugitives and parks of cannon, and, overwhelming everything, passed on. Now the gunners, who had counterfeited death, rose from the ground and opened their pieces on the pursuers. The flying enemy perceiving this unlooked-for assistance, rallied, and, thus our advanced forces were placed between two fires. Nothing daunted, they returned to the charge, won the guns again, sabred the cannoneers, and a second time dashed on the foe. The struggle was severe but short; the Major-General had two horses killed under him, and Colonel Maxwell fell, sword in hand, in the moment of victory, while nobly leading his own gallant 19th Dragoons to the last onslaught.

Scindiah now gave way in utter confusion, leaving behind him 1200 killed, 5000 wounded, and 98 guns; his monster army melted into a mob without magazines or material, and fled for eight miles. "Our loss," wrote the Major-General, "was great, [1550 killed and wounded,] but the action I believe, was the most severe, that ever was fought in this country, and I believe such a quantity of cannon and such advantages have seldom been gained by any single victory, in any part of the world."





RECEPTION OF SCINDIAH'S ENVOY.

The rout of Assye brought Scindiah on his knees. Deserted by the scattered confederates, and left to his own diminished resources, he signified his willingness to treat with any envoy sent him by Sir Arthur, and finding that his wary opponent, well versed in Oriental diplomacy, declined, soon made the humiliating initiative himself. His *Vakeel* or ambassador, Ameer el Oomrah (the Lord of Lords) arrived at the British quarters, magnificently attired, and escorted by a glittering guard of cavalry. He was met by Sir Arthur, conducted to his tent, saluted with military honours, and seated in the highest place. All the forms and usages of Eastern complimentary and ceremonial etiquette were observed. After dresses and shawls had been given his suite, Sir Arthur, with his own hands, fastened jewels on his turban. Then the *Vakeel* rose, and officially announced "that his master wished for nothing so ardently as the friendship and amity of the English." He took leave by torchlight, and in a scene more spirit-stirring than any melodrama; then when bayonet and scimitar sparkled, and glorious war put forth every pomp and circumstance of European and Oriental gorgeousness, he received from the hand of the General an elephant and matchless steed, on which he gallantly galloped away.

On the conclusion of this armistice, hostilities were suspended; but soon it became apparent that the stipulations were disregarded by Scindiah, whose real object was to temporise and deceive. Sir Arthur, who had no one to control him, permitted no Indian convention to fool him out of what his sword had won, and at once resumed his vigorous operations. At Argaum he dealt another heavy blow, and advancing on the hill fort Gawalghur, hitherto deemed impregnable, carried it at once by assault. Then Scindiah, humbled to the dust, submitted to the terms dictated by his conqueror. Thus, in five months the confederated armies of the Mahratta princes were destroyed, vast territories ceded, and future potentiality for mischief disarmed. For these great deeds Sir Arthur received the first fruits of his future large harvest of honour: the Order of the Bath, and the thanks of Parliament, in England; monuments of triumph, swords, and vases in India; while the simple natives of Seringapatam addressed him, "under the shadow of whose protection they had reposed five years, whose care for their welfare occupied him when absent amid battle and victory; their prayers would never cease to the God of all castes and colours, who had brought him back in safety, to preserve him when called away to greater affairs, in health, glory, and happiness."

While the exultation of India was unbounded and universal, our ministers at home imperfectly understood the cheering promise of such achievements. Engrossed with party politics, and nearer difficulties, they little felt that a star had risen in the far East, before which the meteors of France were doomed to pale their ineffectual fires.

ARRIVAL AT LISBON.

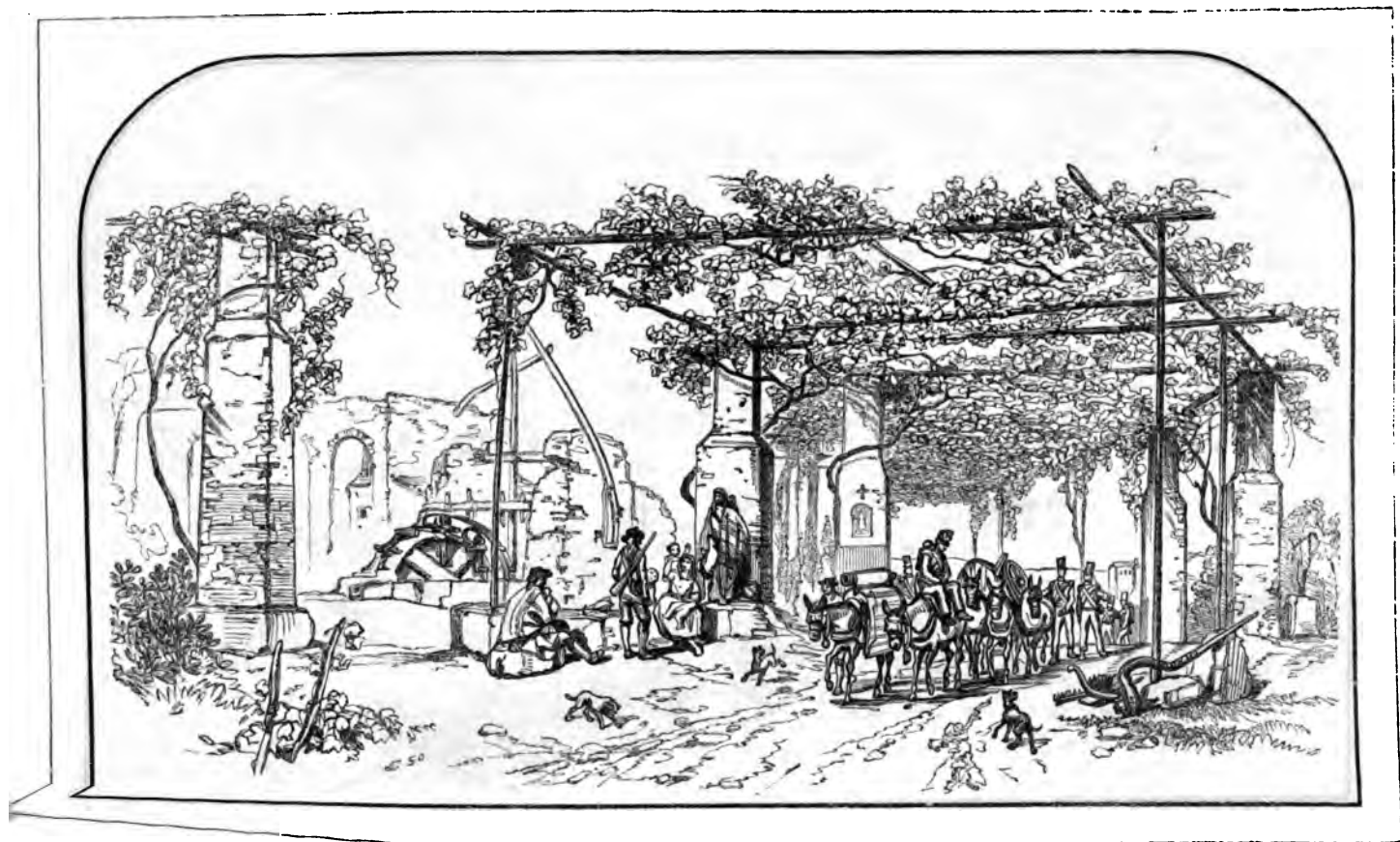
Sir Arthur Wellesley quitted India March 10, 1805, and returned to England. In 1807 he served in the expedition to Copenhagen, and landed in Portugal in August 1808. On the 17th he defeated General Laborde at Roleia, and Marshal Junot at Vimiero on the 21st, and must have annihilated him, had not his career been checked by Sir Harry Burrard, like a cold blast, in the very moment of victory; disgusted, he returned to England, biding his time. Soon the death of Sir John Moore at Corunna, the invasion of Portugal by Marshal Soult, the falls of Madrid and Tarragona, and the defeats of the armies of Castille, spread general panic over the Peninsula, when in a good hour the supreme command of the British forces was given to him; Sir Arthur Wellesley, free now from the control of inferior minds, embarked forthwith at Portsmouth in the *Surveillante* Frigate, and after a week's passage, and having again been nearly lost in bad weather, landed at Lisbon, April 22, 1809. Welcomed enthusiastically, his presence wrought an immediate change; despondency and apathy gave place to confidence and action; and his opinion (expressed before he sailed) that Portugal could be defended against the French by a British force of 30,000 men, whatever the result of the contest in Spain, was soon fully and gloriously verified.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is placed on the northern bank of the Tagus, about nine miles from the sea. The river opening in front of the town into a bay nearly six miles across, forms a harbour of exquisite beauty and security, and all that painter or sailor could desire; in it the combined fleets of Europe might ride. Lisbon, seen from the opposite bank, rises on an amphitheatre of hills, in a long undulating line of church, convent, palace, and castle; the clear blue waters reflect the fair forms, sparkling like ivory, and lighted up by an unclouded sun; distance lends enchantment to the view, and conceals the dirt, discomfort, and dilapidation of the interior.

The climate is delicious; the almost tropical heats of the summer are tempered by the fresh-aired breezes; the vegetation—sure test of climate—is luxurious; the orange, lemon, and olive flourish with the aloe,—one introduced in the foreground shoots up its elegant candelabra stem from a leafy palisado; the sunny slopes of the stream are studded with the villas of the wealthier classes and gardens full of flowers and fruits; the farms and country supply the capital with grain, wine, and market produce. The pictures presented at the points of passage are full of life and the richest local colour; peasants of all ages and sexes, and clad in their national costume, crowd with busy carts, cattle, and implements.

The river is no less animated: countless flotillas of boats of all sizes and shapes, skim, with swallow-tailed sails, backwards and forwards. The swarthy, red-sashed, white-teethed, screaming, gesticulating crew, vividly recall the boatmen and *lazzaroni* of Naples.





HALT OF A CONVOY.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, the very next day after his arrival, prepared to grapple with the difficulties that met him at every turn, from the opening to the conclusion of the Peninsular Campaign. How great or how many they were, and with what energy and endurance mastered, is recorded in his immortal Despatches. He found himself with a comparative handful of men, inadequately provided, "about to proceed to the attack of Soult with only £.10,000, and with monstrous demands on "him," yet he did not despair; his abiding anxiety was the deficiency and uncertainty of every sinew of war. Fully aware of the divided forces of the French, and the jealousies of the rival Marshals who commanded each separate army, his scheme was to fall upon each division single handed, and crush it before relief could arrive. Soult, who at this moment occupied Oporto, had concerted a combined attack on Lisbon with Victor, who was to have advanced from Spain; Sir Arthur proposed to parry this by dislodging the former, and then turning on the latter in junction with Cuesta and the Spaniards.

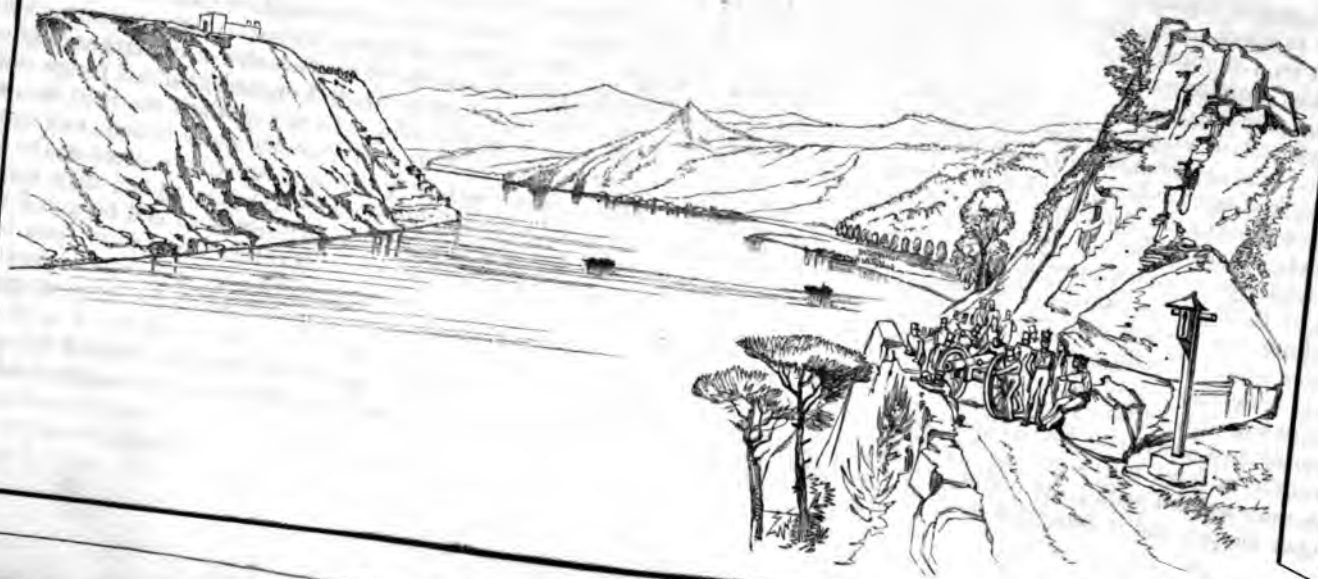
Oporto, the second city of Portugal, is built on the right bank of the Duero, about 160 miles north of Lisbon. As the communication by land between the two seaboard towns was scanty and indifferent, no thought or exertions were spared by Sir Arthur in organising means of transporting stores,—these supplies were regulated by the movements of the troops which they preceded or followed. Often, when the enemy was near, the convoys crept along amid mountain and forest, through broken, tangled country, by paths known only to the native muleteers. The present scene represents one of the halts on the high road in front of a country inn; the mounted groups and laden animals arrive in succession to repose awhile under the chequered shade of a vine trellis, buttressed up by pilasters to sustain the profusion and weight of the grapes. It is beneath this fruity canopy, which seems to foreigners a scene of an opera ballet, that the villagers and sunburnt daughters of labour assemble at eventide, with castanet and guitar, and join in the song and dance.

The large water-wheel seen to the left is the picturesque contrivance of the Moor, and prevails in the Peninsula: rows of earthenware jars are attached to a wheel, which, as it turns, dips them into a well; the contents, as it rises, are emptied into a reservoir.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DUERO.

The intentions of Sir Arthur Wellesley were neither unobserved or disregarded by the sagacious Marshal, who determined to quit Oporto and evacuate Portugal. Having secured the boats of the Duero, and not contemplating the possibility of an attack by land, and the passage of an unfordable river, he made his arrangements full leisurely, in face of an antagonist, rapid to conceive and swifter to execute; his whole attention was turned to the sea, the quarter from which alone he apprehended danger. Thus off his guard, he was completely surprised by Sir Arthur, who, on the 12th of May, stood on the opposite bank of the Duero with 25,000 men, and in a position concealed from Oporto by a bend of the river. The moment was most critical. In front, a deep rapid stream, 800 yards wide, rolled between the hostile forces, barring immediate advance, when twenty-four hours' delay sufficed for the enemy to escape. Sir Arthur decided to force the passage in open day, and in front of the foe. About ten o'clock, a single boat was reported to be obtained: "Well, let the men cross," was his simple reply; and in a quarter of an hour an officer and twenty-five men of the Buffs were landed on the opposite bank. Others instantly followed, and he knew how soon they would be backed by troops he had got over at Avintas, a few miles higher up. A position was taken in a strong building, unnoticed and unmolested by the enemy. "It is impossible to say," wrote Sir Arthur, "what induced Soult to be so careless; I rather believe we were too quick for him." Scarcely had the men landed from the third boat, when their presence was discovered; the French awoke from their trance; then the alarm was sounded in Oporto, the garrison rushed out, and attacked furiously for two hours, but in vain; fresh divisions were poured over, and the enemy fled in utmost confusion, abandoning wounded and everything. Sir Arthur entered Oporto amid shouts of welcome, occupied Soult's quarters, and sat down to the dinner provided for the Marshal. Thus the Duero was passed in spite of every difficulty, natural and military. But genius begins where rules cease, and alone can decide the nice point between the impossible and the possible. Here the very audacity secured success, as an event deemed impracticable was not provided against.

Soult, who rose with the emergency, met his difficulties manfully and skilfully. Anxious at least to save his men, he retreated day and night, in want and hardship, in storm and tempest, his route strewn with carcases. He reached Orense with the wreck of his army,—a vast mob, worn out and crippled,—having lost 6000 men, guns, stores, money, ammunition, and baggage. His retreat, said Sir Arthur, was "in every respect, even in weather, a *pendant* for that of Corunna; no measure was omitted to harass and interrupt it." But "an army which throws away everything that can constitute one, *is able to march over roads by which it cannot be followed or overtaken by an army that has not made the same sacrifices.*" Thus, in a ten days' campaign was Portugal liberated.



THE ADVANCE ON TALAVERA.

Master of Oporto, Sir Arthur Wellesley entered Spain, eager to co-operate with Cuesta, who with 37,000 men had kept Victor in check. The Spanish General, although personally brave, was effete from old age, and too proud and obstinate to be taught by a younger master; in spite of his signal defeats whenever he had encountered the French, "this child in the art of war" continued arrogant and self-confident; and now desirous of monopolising the glory of routing Victor, thwarted every combination proposed by Sir Arthur, and misled him with positive assurances of assistance from other quarters, which never arrived, and of ample supplies of food, which never were furnished. On the 18th of July a junction of the two armies was effected, and the French retired on the 22nd from the town of Talavera, and crossed the river Alberche. Sir Arthur, anxious to attack at once (when Victor, single-handed, must have been crushed, and the road to Madrid opened,) had his troops under arms at three in the morning; but Cuesta, who was only roused at seven, doggedly refused to engage until the next day, and fell asleep during the conference; thus English energy was starved by the thin diet of Spanish deliberation, and action cramped by procrastination—the fatal to-morrow and to-morrow with its petty pace. Victor, informed by traitors in the very tent of the Spanish General, remained quiet all the day in his vulnerable position, but decamped in the night; then Cuesta, thinking the French were running away, determined to advance, and did so just when Sir Arthur wished and begged him to remain still. The Spaniard, whose "mania was to fight pitched battles," imagined he was following flying deer, soon found that he was hunting tigers. At length, after a series of deplorable mis-manceuvres, and a narrow rescue from utter destruction by the timely aid of Sir Arthur, his critical danger flashed on him, and hastily re-crossing the Alberche, he again united his disorganised army with Sir Arthur, all of whose sagacious combinations he had overthrown; the allied forces took up a position in front of Talavera. This ancient city, prettily placed on the Tagus, is approached from the Madrid side, by a pleasant wooded walk; the hermitage chapel about a quarter of a mile from the gates, was built on the foundations of a pagan temple, and is dedicated to our Lady of the Meadow.

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

The situation of Sir Arthur Wellesley, now far advanced into the heart of the Peninsula, was full of peril. With utterly inefficient allies, and starvation staring him in the face, a French army of 55,000 veterans menaced his front, while larger forces gathered in his rear and around. Every hour, since Cuesta's fatal error of the 23rd, darkened his prospects and improved those of his opponents. Then, had the French remained on the defensive, his escape was hardly possible; but over-confidence in numerical superiority, and jealousy of rival Marshals, induced Joseph, Victor, and Jourdan to hurry an attack before the junction of the other French forces had enveloped the English in a net, past redemption. Sir Arthur, on the 27th, made his dispositions to meet the attack. On his right he drew up the Spaniards in two lines, on a position secured by the river, and very strong, from enclosures, ditches, and plantations; his centre, placed in front of Talavera, although more open, was intersected by roads and ravines; the left and the two sloping hills—the real key of the position—was entrusted to the British troops. His whole line of defence occupied about two miles: his force in the field, English and German, numbered nearly 19,000 sabres and bayonets, with thirty guns; while the Spaniards ranged about 34,000. The French mustered upwards of 50,000 men, of whom 7000 were cavalry. Numerically, the contending hosts were equal; intrinsically, most unequal. While the Spaniards were a rabble mob, and incapable of performing the simplest operation, the French force consisted of splendid veterans, highly disciplined and flushed with victory. The entire brunt and burden of the struggle was borne by Sir Arthur's handful;—alone they did it. The Spaniards, who were scarcely engaged at all, turned at a critical moment, then ten thousand, posted in the strongest manner, were panic-struck and threw down their arms in Sir Arthur's presence, when "they were neither attacked nor threatened with an attack, but frightened by their own fire." Nor was this all; for the runaways plundered in their flight the baggage of the English, who were gallantly contending for them. The skilful French concentrated every effort against Sir Arthur, and, in spite of their numbers and bravery, were signally repulsed by honest, hard fighting.

In the fiercest of the burning sun and struggle, a tacit truce took place between the exhausted combatants. English and French soldiers met on the banks of the streamlet, which rippled peacefully between their opposed ranks ; and throwing down caps and muskets, mingled without fear or suspicion, drinking out of the same brook, conversing more like allies than enemies, and mutually expressing, by shaking hands, such admiration as brave men entertain for foes worthy of their steel.



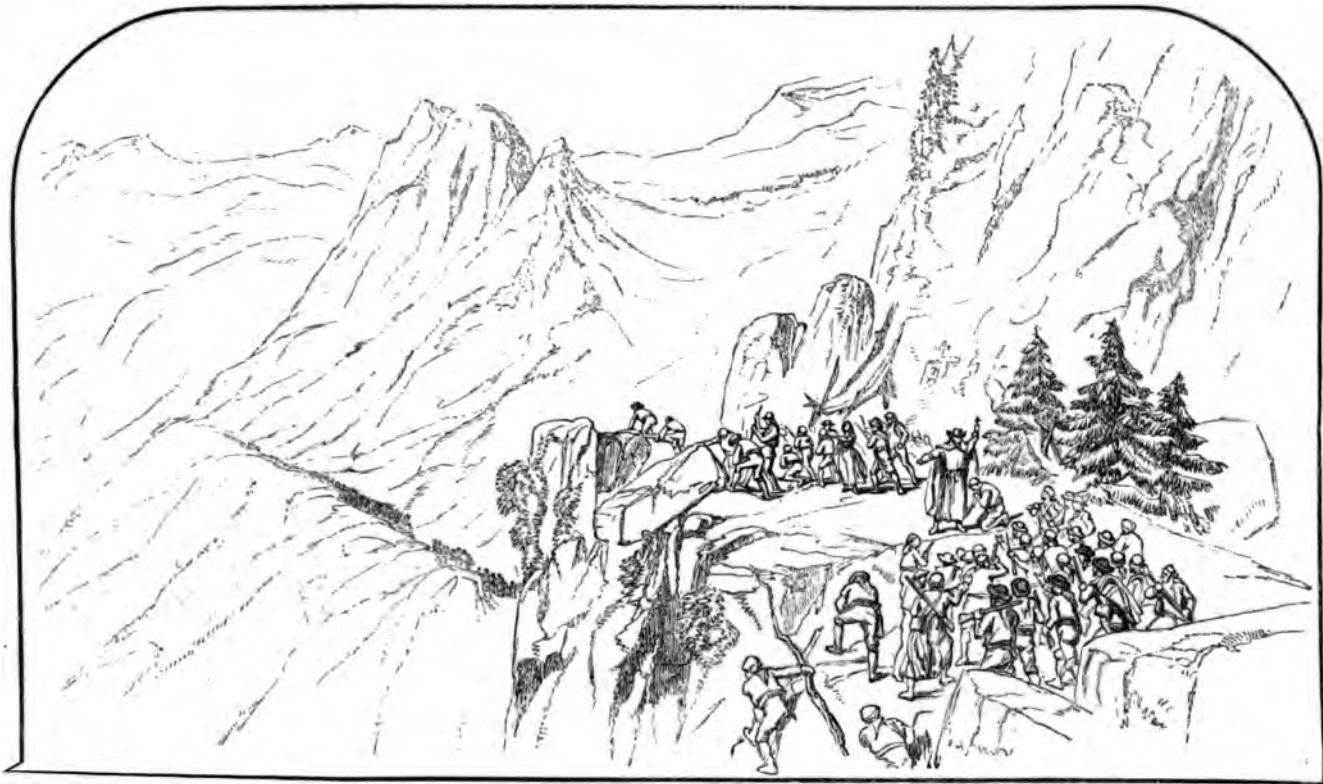
THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

The battle only ceased when the night of the 27th shrouded the carnage. Both armies worn out with want and toil, slept on the field. Sir Arthur Wellesley laid down in his cloak, and behind the centre of the British infantry. The next morning's rising sunbeams glanced on sabre and bayonet of the noble lines, ready and drawn up on the ground occupied by each the evening before. After many partial assaults, a general attack on Sir Arthur's position was made about noon by the whole French force; it was met with murderous volley and steel, and the post "maintained against the fearful odds" and the enemy terribly beaten;" entire brigades of infantry were destroyed. At length, after desperate efforts, desperately repulsed, the French desisted altogether and retreated, leaving behind them nineteen guns, their wounded and prisoners. The loss sustained by the English in this "long and hard fought action, with more than double numbers," amounted to 857 killed, and 3913 wounded. The French loss reached 10,000, and they admitted to 944 killed and 6294 wounded.

"A damp cold night succeeded to a burning day. Without food or covering, the British bivouacs were cheerless, but "except from wounded men, not a murmur was heard, not a complaint escaped; and when morning broke on the 29th, "the brigades, feeble and few, but fearless still, rose at the first tap of the drum, and once more stood to their arms." Never was the cypress more intertwined with the laurel; while the dead lay silently around, the moans of the mangled rung sadly in the ear as they were conveyed away during the night. Sir Arthur endeavoured to establish hospitals at Talavera; many died from starvation in a town full of secreted provision, which Cuesta refused to supply,—withholding all assistance, even to bury the dead; and when by his subsequent neglect of Sir Arthur's warnings, he permitted Soult to advance, and the surviving wounded had to be abandoned, although encumbered with waggons, he would spare but seven, to remove the men who had bled for his cause; thus, hundreds were left behind, who might easily have been saved. Hence, was engendered in the British soldiery an indelible feeling of dislike and contempt for their allies; nor ever again did Sir Arthur put trust in Spanish word or promise. He lingered awhile in Spain, until having tested by bitter experience the worthlessness of Spanish co-operation, he withdrew his sickened and starving soldiers into Portugal.

The victory of Talavera was duly appreciated by George III., who created Sir Arthur Wellesley, Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington.





CONVOY INTERCEPTED BY PARTIZANS.

Inexorable history has branded the name of Massena with enduring infamy. "The conduct of his troops," wrote Lord Wellington, "was marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, never surpassed;" and their cruelty begot cruelty, retaliation, and retribution. "Every horror that could make war hideous tracked their retreat; distress, conflagration, death in all modes, from wounds, from fatigue, from water, from the flames, from starvation; on every side unlimited violence—unlimited "revenge." Their human sympathies seemed dried up, and their nature disgraced by foul crimes, which cannot and ought not to be told. The predatory system of Napoleon, in forcing the countries he invaded to nourish his armies, necessarily sapped the foundations of military discipline and good conduct. This increased the French difficulties of subduing the Peninsula, which cannot be done with a small army, and where a large one must starve if separated from magazines. The Massenas did not or would not attend to organised supplies, the sinews of war. Strong only when in position, and with no hold on the soil or hearts of the nation, their convoys were always exposed to be cut off by roving bands who waged a *guerilla*, or little war, which, congenial to their country,—rugged and broken, and to their character,—warlike but not military, was conducted with infinite perseverance, energy, skill, daring, valour, and success. Lord Wellington, who knew by experience the impossibility of any Spanish army, "in want of everything at the critical moment," carrying on a regular war, pronounced this partizanship the real and best national power. Unparalleled in a contest of shifts and devices, and without discipline or drill, the *Guerilleros* waged a war to the knife; and circumventing the invader by fair means and foul, avenged in his heart's blood, wrongs too many ever to be forgotten, too great ever to be forgiven. These hornets swarmed around every movement, and displaced a force equal to 30,000 men, who were required to patrol roads and keep communications open. The success of these irregulars sustained the flame of Spain's patriotism, amid the disgrace and defeats of her regular armies. The French, who smarted, executed them as robbers, because, forsooth, they wore no uniform. Can a Marshal's embroidery transform spoilers of church and cottage into heroes, or its want, degrade the honest defender of altar and hearth into a bandit? Throughout the war, the surprises of French convoys afforded scenes no less frequent than picturesque. Down alpine defiles and amid aromatic brushwood, the long lines of laden mules, cars, and mounted escorts tracked their tangled way, now concealed in rocks and thickets, now glittering in the sun and giving life to the loneliness; then, in the most perilous point of passage and behind loosened crags, lurked the partizan;—every blunderbuss loaded and cocked, every finger on the trigger, every knife unclasped, each breathlessly awaiting the signal; nor ever was priest or monk wanting to shrive the souls, and hold out immediate paradise to these humble crusaders, who fell gloriously in the holy war for God, king, and country. ^{But} eternal to these noble sons of Spain! However wild, undisciplined, and Oriental their resistance, it rises grandly, an ^{eternal} ^{example} ^{to the world}, now the crimes and follies of their unworthy leaders in cabinet and camp have sunk into deserved ^{oblivion} ^{of the world}.

THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

The year 1810 opened gloomily. England had wasted her strength in the marshes of Walcheren; Spain, by fighting pitched battles with inefficient, ill-commanded troops, had seen army after army annihilated by the French. Napoleon, at peace with Austria, now proclaimed the hour at hand, "when the frightened leopard, would fly to the ocean to avoid shame, defeat, and death, and his arms would be the triumph of the genius of the good over that of evil." Massena, the "spoilt child of victory," was placed at the head of 150,000 veterans the conquerors of Europe. To these Lord Wellington could only oppose 25,000 English troops and 30,000 Portuguese levies, as yet untried on the field. Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo were taken by Massena, who crossed the frontier to march at once to Lisbon. While all at home and abroad quailed, Lord Wellington continued collected and confident. Massena pressed impetuously on, under-rating his mightier opponent, and entirely ignorant of the difficulties prepared beforehand in his path. When he reached Busaco, the first formidable position which barred his advance, his only fear was, that "Lord Wellington would not risk the loss of his reputation by giving battle; but if he does, I have him, and to-morrow we shall conquer Portugal." At six o'clock of that morrow, September the 27th, Lord Wellington from the convent which crowns the ridge looked calmly down on the spectacle of glorious war. The division of Regnier, consisting of picked regiments and heroes of Austerlitz, no sooner reached the crest of the steep than they were charged by the 45th and 88th, shattered, overthrown, and rolled down the hill with tremendous slaughter. Meanwhile Ney led his dense columns of men, breathless and begrimed with powder, up the adjoining heights, to be met by Craufurd's steady lines, and decimated by the volleys of the 43rd and 52nd; then, at the word "charge," 1800 British bayonets went sparkling over the brow, and did the rest. Massena declined further attempts, and retired at night with the loss of 5000 men, which he diminished in his bulletin to 3000. That of the allies amounted to 1270, which Massena swelled on paper to 4000. The conflict ended, "the English and French intermingled with perfect confidence and good humour, each seeking and taking off their wounded, and occasionally offering mutual assistance."

Another affecting incident occurred which contrasted with the savage character of the struggle. "A poor orphan Portuguese girl, about 17 years of age and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain, and driving an ass loaded with all her property through the French army. She now passed over the field of battle, with childish simplicity, *totally unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile and which the friendly troops, for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her.*"





THE LINES OF TORRESVEDRAS.

Massena, who ought never to have moved beyond Busaco, advanced against every sound strategic principle; for his expedition was founded less on military than political considerations, and to plunder Lisbon and Oporto was the main object. Meantime Lord Wellington retrograded leisurely, like a victorious General falling back on his resources, in perfect order, unpressed and unmolested. While even his own Generals despaired, he never doubted the final result. Defending no positions, he lured his enemy on to the long-prepared pitfall. Massena, believing that the English were flying to their ships, hurried forward with the utmost improvidence, wasting stores, living from hand to mouth, and leaving his sick to be soon cut off, behind. It was only on the 10th of October, when the barrier of Torresvedras proclaimed, thus far only shalt thou come, that he comprehended the lion's jaws into which he had rashly thrust his head. This was the hour of his great rival's triumph,—a triumph of skill, prudence, and foresight, and the more glorious, because bloodless. Lord Wellington, ever steadfast to his plan of making Portugal his stronghold and the base of operations, had long so silently and secretly prepared these defences, that their existence was almost unknown to friend or foe, by whom the works were supposed to be simply destined to cover his re-embarkation. The triple lines reached, one within another, from the Tagus to the sea, about thirty miles; the naturally strong mountain range, which encloses the tongue on which Lisbon stands, was improved with every effort of military art. The British army, well lodged and provided, looked securely down on the distressed and baffled foe. Massena, with experienced soldier glance, saw at once that the position was impregnable, and determined on a blockade until reinforcements should arrive, while Lord Wellington trusted that starvation would force him to retreat. Nor could the French "have remained a week," had his repeated advice been followed by the Portuguese Government, of removing all means of subsistence. "It is heartbreaking to contemplate a chance of failure from such obstinacy and folly;" if the lines were lost, the Peninsula was lost also. The French managed to exist long; they took everything from the natives, whom they left to die. At last, policy having got the better of his pride, Massena commenced his disastrous retreat from Santarem; he confided his rear to Ney, the brave of the brave, who fully maintained his great reputation. Defeat and distress, like dark shadows, followed every step, until driven headlong out of Portugal, he re-entered Spain, April 4th. Thus an expedition begun with *fanfannorade*, and carried on with rapine, ended in the loss of 40,000 noble soldiers, and of every pretension to generalship in their commander.

FUENTES DE ONORO.

While Massena, cowed and crestfallen, dared not come into the field, Lord Wellington laid siege to the frontier fortress, Almeida. The French army was, however, soon reorganised and reinforced by Napoleon, and Massena, urged by his peremptory orders which took no denial, made a desperate attempt to restore his faded laurels, and advanced the 2nd of May to the relief of the beleaguered place, with 46,000 men and 5000 cavalry. Lord Wellington, whose forces only amounted to 33,000 infantry and 2000 horsemen out of condition, planted himself on a hilly range, trusting to be able both to cover Almeida and protect his communications with Portugal. Thus compelled to over-extend his position, his advanced post was placed at the hamlet of Fuentes de Onoro (true Fountains of Honour), with its old chapel and buildings crowning the heights. Massena, on the 5th, made a grand attack on the ridge with Junot, while the squadrons of Montbrun, the finest cavalry of France and who alone ought to have won the day, scoured the plains below and had surrounded some of our guns, "when suddenly the multitude was violently agitated; an English shout arose—the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth at the head of his battery, his horses breathing fire and stretching like greyhounds along the plains,—his guns bounding like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners in close and compact order protecting the rear." Meanwhile, Massena strove hard to gain the heights. Then the 41st French regiment fixed their eagle on the wall nearest the British, and our thin lines met them foot to foot. One moment the ridge seemed lost; then their gallant leader addressed the 71st Highlanders, fresh from Glasgow:—"Now my lads, let us show them how we clear the Gallow-gate," their recent quarters. One cheer responded, and a charge, impetuous but orderly, swept the foe down. Then also Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace led on his Connaught Rangers, and his brief "At them, 88th!" was answered with an Irish hurrah and rush. The Imperial Guard stood still, but in the death-struggle the stronger men prevailed, and, broken and trodden down, the enemy gave way. It was in the thick of the conflict that Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron was killed, leading the 79th. His Highlanders set up a wild shriek, raised the war cry of the Cameron, and bayoneted down the finest body of Grenadiers ever seen. "I hope," wrote Lord Wellington to the Colonel's father,—for amid business overwhelming he found time for feeling and manly condolence,—“that you will receive some consolation from the reflection that your son “fell in the performance of his duty, at the head of your brave regiment, respected by all, and in an action in which the British “troops surpassed everything they had ever done before, and of which the result was most favourable to His Majesty's arms.”

Massena finally withdrew from the attack, just when he ought to have pressed on, while Montbrun's "hesitation" lost what Picton called the golden moment. The French killed and wounded amounted to 5000 against 2000 English. This battle settled "the spoilt child of victory," grown, under Lord Wellington's tuition, to be a finished man of defeat. The charm of his name, once a watch-word, was dispelled. He surrendered his command to Marmont on the 11th, and fell, *breathed with pillage, never to rise again.* Accompanied by Ney and Junot, with whom he quarrelled, he retired to France, *here he lived to prove false both to Buonaparte and the Bourbons.*





THE CAPTURE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

The fortified town, Ciudad Rodrigo, rises above the Agueda, in Spain, a few miles from Portugal, and is, says Lord Wellington, "although weak in itself, the best chosen position of any frontier town that I have seen." It was taken in 1810 by Massena and Ney, after a most stubborn resistance, and almost in Lord Wellington's presence. However anxious to relieve it, he would not risk his "little army against double numbers, for an object on which the fate of Spain did not depend." The French, having repaired, provisioned, and garrisoned it, never suspecting his fixed resolve of re-capture, separated their forces. Then it was that Lord Wellington pounced down and took it in eleven days, in less than half the time which he himself had expected; such was the secrecy and boldness of his plans, such his rapidity of attack, and irresistible valour of his troops. These were the secrets and springs of his success. Few generals or armies were ever more neglected and stinted by their own or other governments, and this, while they were supposed to have the boundless gold and iron of England at their disposal, and that simply to ask, was to have. The reverse was the truth; destitution was the rule; adequate supplies, the exception.

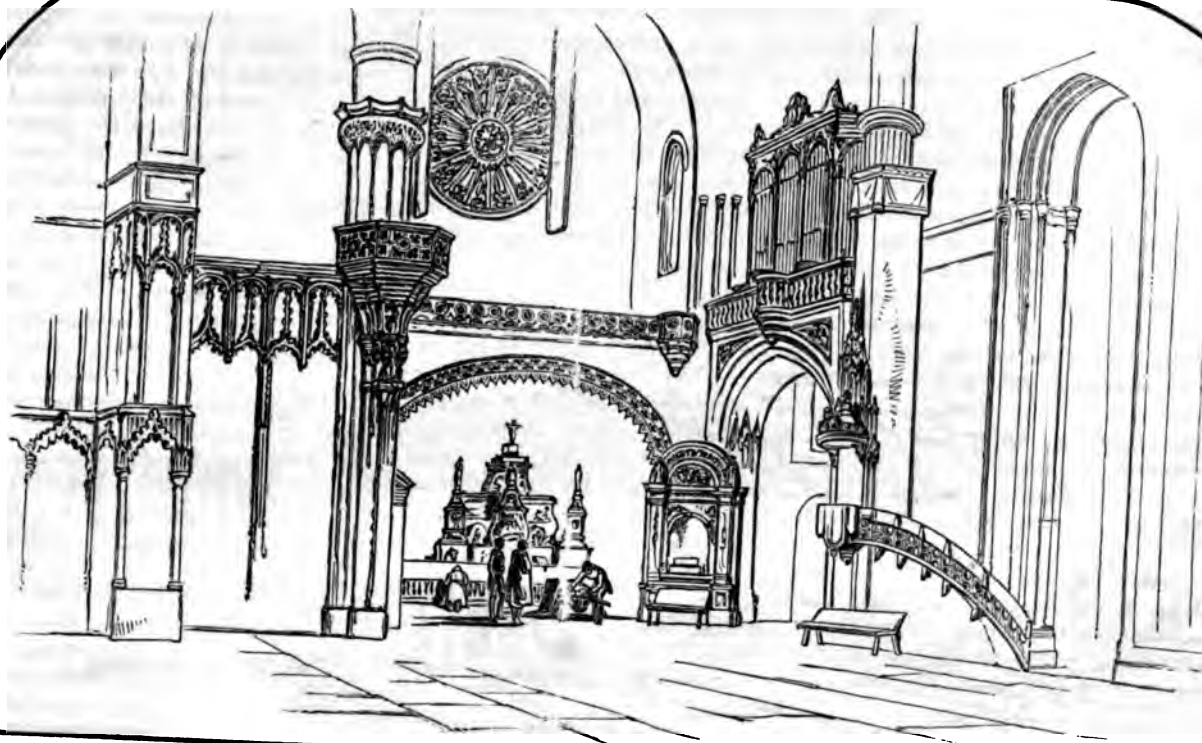
Ciudad Rodrigo, which, when weak, had kept the French at bay for three months, had been much strengthened by General Barriè, an able officer and worthy commander of a tried garrison. New defences were thrown up, and two convents in a suburb converted into outworks. Lord Wellington, in defiance of heart-rending obstacles, the fault of others, and loss of precious time, when days were winged with destinies, appeared before the place, January 8, 1812, and at dark, that very evening, was master of the strong mound to the north, on which his breaching batteries were instantly established. As the day closed on the 19th, the storming party stood to arms, and when the rolls were called, not a man was missing. Soon as the cathedral bell tolled seven, all marched silently but rapidly, and with the regularity of a parade, to the two practicable breaches; they were led by Picton and Craufurd, who received his death wound on the glacis. Near him, Major Napier, brother to the historian, while heading the storming party, was struck to the ground, and falling, bade his men trust to the bayonet; they answered him with a cheer, and the breach was won. Napier recovered with the loss of an arm. "When your son," wrote Lord Wellington next day to the mother, "received his wound, he only desired that I might be informed he had led his men to the top of the breach before he had fallen. Having *such* sons, I am aware that you expect to hear of these misfortunes, which I have, on more than one occasion, had to communicate to you." Thus, in less than half-an-hour, the place was taken, and the English lines formed on the ramparts: an exploit effected in the depth of winter, and unequalled in the annals of war. Our loss was 1003 killed and wounded; ~~that of the French~~ 1000, with 1700 prisoners, 153 guns, including the whole of Marmont's battering train.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL CRAUFURD.

The losses sustained by the British army in the storm and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo were grievous ; but greater sacrifices of blood were demanded at the subsequent sieges, during the Peninsular war, when the scanty ranks of our gallant little handful were thinned of their best and bravest, ever the first and foremost in fight ; everywhere and on all occasions, similar obstacles and causes produced similar tragical results. The French, eminently skilled in the sciences of fortification and engineering, exhausted every art and appliance in multiplying material resistances ; their strong places, rendered almost impregnable, were held by full garrisons, provided with ample requisites for prolonged defence, and commanded by daring and experienced officers, the living souls and spirits of the operations. Against such opposition Lord Wellington was always inadequately prepared. Equipped as his army was, it was not capable, as he said, of carrying on any regular siege. This branch of the service was particularly neglected, stunted, and paralysed by our Government, who turned a deaf ear to all his warnings, remonstrances, and requisitions. Not only was he left without any proper corps of sappers and miners, but even the breaching tools furnished from home were so bad, that French implements were accounted a godsend. Thus when placed before bastion and bulwark, he was compelled, in the words of Picton, " to sue *in formâ pauperis*—to beseech, not breach ;" he was reduced to trust to animal force and courage, rather than to skill and art, and driven to oppose the bone and marrow of his brave men—ready, but inexperienced—to the stone and steel of the enemy. Thus, walled and moated cities were to be surprised by his all-sustaining genius, and won by the sheer audacity and hard fighting of his troops, whose heart-blood was poured out like water, in atonement for the crimes of politicians. No commander " was ever so hampered, so tied by the leg ;" none ever suffered heavier losses of his dear comrades, which might and ought to have been avoided. Thus his power to follow up blows was weakened, and his triumphs embittered. The night of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, he rode three leagues to Gallegos, and musing over and sorrowing for the gallant men who fell in the moment of victory, outstripped his followers and arrived alone.

Craufurd, a daring and noble soldier, " and ornament to his profession," was ever in the front where bullets flew thickest ; and like " fighting Picton," brave to a fault, his valorous impetuosity and ardent aspirations occasionally got the better of discretion, and induced him to exceed his strict orders. At Ciudad Rodrigo he led his followers to the breach as few but himself could have done ; and worthily they followed one who led so well. He was mortally struck, in the moment of victory, and borne out of the fray. He lingered, feeling all recovery to be hopeless, until the 24th, and was buried (fit soldier's grave!) on the spot where he fell, and an outwork still bears his name. " Those," wrote Lord Londonderry,

" who knew him only as an officer, appreciated as they deserved, his science, skill, and matchless bravery ; those who regarded him also as a friend never can forget him."





THE STORMING AND TAKING BADAJOZ.

Badajoz, an extremely strong fortress, rises some 300 feet above the Guadiana, and is distant about five miles from Portugal. It was sold to Soult in 1810, by the traitor Spanish Governor Imaz, with the garrison of 7155 men, well provisioned; and with unbreached walls; an event considered by Lord Wellington, as the most fatal in the war. Imaz knew, moreover, that Massena was in full retreat from Torresvedras, and that Beresford was hastening to the relief with 20,000 men. His failure to retake it, and needless bloody battle of Albuera, cost Lord Wellington two years' most harassing operations. Having at length made his preparations so secretly that neither friend nor foe suspected his intentions, he invested Badajoz March 16, 1812, when Soult and Marmont were too far separated to be in time to relieve it. The fortress was much strengthened, and defended by 5000 superb soldiers under Philipon, "but no age ever sent forth braver troops than those who stormed and won it;" in spite of obstacles of man and elements, the trenches were opened, and a continual fire kept up until the breaches were declared practicable; then on the 6th of April, the soldiers eagerly made ready for a combat, so fiercely fought, so terribly gained, that posterity can scarcely be expected to believe the tale; but many are "still alive that know it to be true." At night, when the ramparts were crowded with dark figures, and the solemn church clock struck ten, the red columns of the British, deep and broad, silently streamed like lava to the imminent deadly breach, and were met with a crashing explosion that shivered the forlorn hope to shreds. After two hours' ineffectual wrestling with death, the surviving assailants were recalled by Lord Wellington, who, pale but collected, watched the scene. He had then learned that Picton, had taken the city in the rear. Ordered to make a false attack on the castle, he had escalated the steep rock, and planted his ladders (too short) against the walls; but his brave men, pushing each other up, swarmed on amid a shower of balls and gained a footing: the bayonet did the rest. Colonel Ridge, the first to enter, fell, "and no man died that night with more glory; yet many died, and there was much glory."

Badajoz that awful evening was girdled with steel and hemmed in with fire. The Bastion of San Vicente to the left, was scaled by General Walker, who drove the defenders from every point. Thus the fortress was doubly won. In the events of sieges it is without parallel, that two escalades should succeed, when the defences were entire, and the assaults at the breaches repulsed. On the French side, 1200 men fell killed and wounded; 3800 prisoners and 170 guns were taken. The English and Portuguese loss was nearly 5000; 600 fell at the castle, as many more at San Vicente, and 2000 at the breaches. "When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers." There was nothing now to prevent Lord Wellington from turning on Soult with 40,000 men, when he was robbed of the golden opportunity by the misconduct of others. Don Carlos de España, to whom he had handed over Ciudad Rodrigo, had neglected even to move the stores provided for him. The frontier, and Soult was saved again.

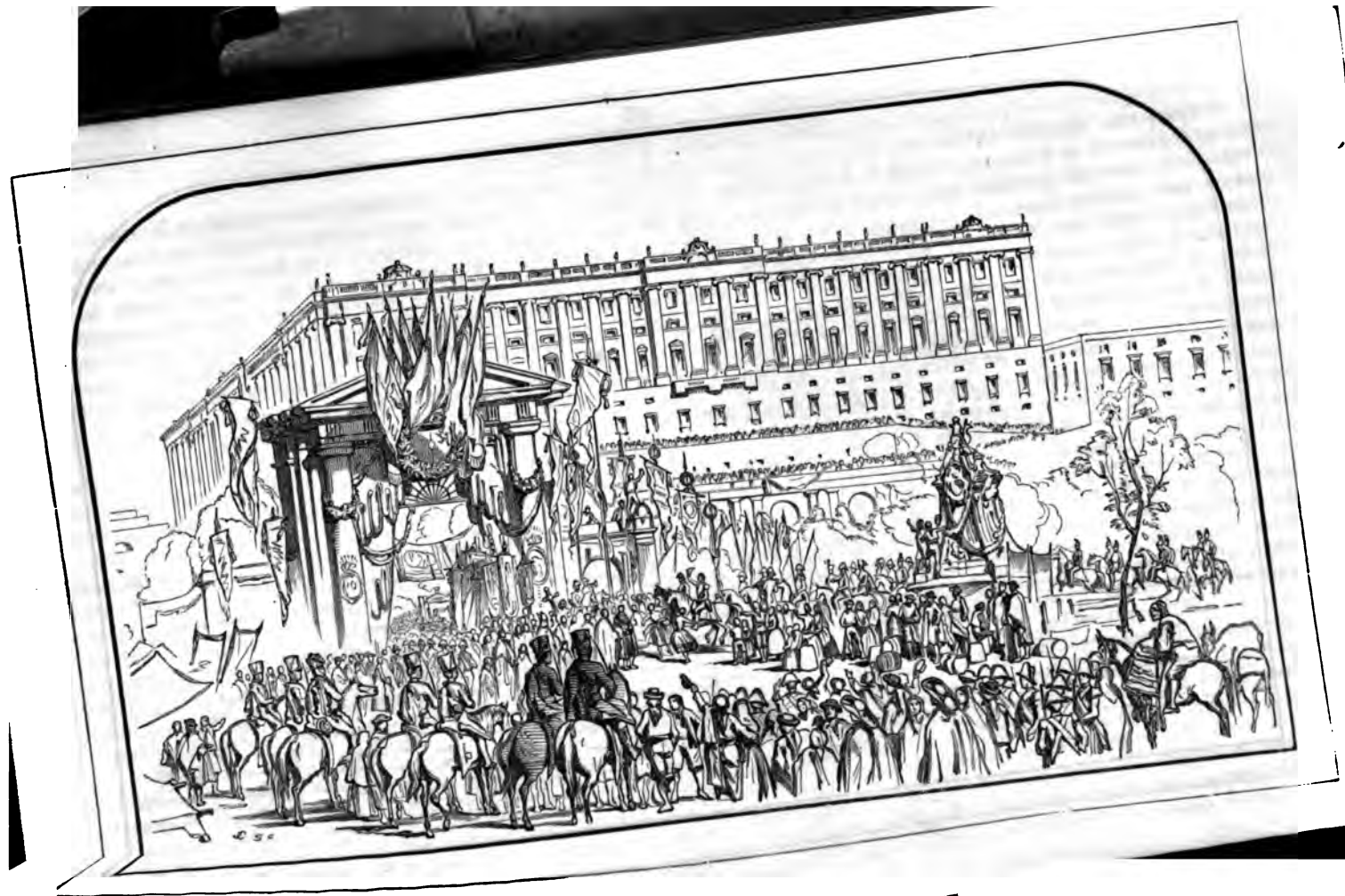
THE VICTORY AT SALAMANCA.

The tide of fortune turned after the re-capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. Napoleon's engrossing preparations for the Russian campaign afforded a breathing-time to Spain, and England began to feel her strength and glory in her General. July found Lord Wellington and Marmont in arms near Salamanca. Their forces moved for days in parallel lines, and within cannon shot, on plains, open, hedgeless, and made for fight or flight, each watching the other and waiting for the first mistake in the tremendous duel. At length, after long coiling and winding, like angry snakes, they drew up their huge trains to mingle in deadly strife. A terrific thunderstorm on the 21st, the harbinger of next day's battle-crash, ushered in a sullen morning, succeeded by a noon bright and glorious as the deed about to be done. The English and Portuguese numbered about 46,000 men—the French 45,000, but so superior in artillery, that Marmont only feared his victims might escape to Ciudad Rodrigo. After infinité manœuvring and a race for the possession of the two Arapiles hillocks, about two in the afternoon Marmont extended his left, hoping to cut off our communication with that fortress. Lord Wellington, who was writing at the time when this false move was reported, jumped up, verified the fact with eagle glance, and exclaiming "I have them," "fixed the fault with the stroke of a thunderbolt." A few orders issued from his lips, like the incantations of a wizard, and the English infantry under Pakenham bounded forth, breaking the enemies superb "columns of granite" into "fragments with giant power, while Le Marchant, with big men on big horses, trampled down the scattered foe with terrible clamour and disturbance." Marmont was wounded by a shell, and the command fell on Clausel, a first-rate general, who, after a desperate but vain struggle, fled, abandoning everything, in darkness and defeat, and driven headlong, as it were, before a mighty wind. "I never saw an army," said Lord Wellington, "receive such a beating. If we had had an hour's more daylight the whole would have been in our hands;" as it was, 45,000 splendid French veterans were routed in 45 minutes, leaving behind them 2 eagles, 11 cannons, and 14,000 killed and wounded. The English casualties reached 5200. The disbanded remnant of the French must have been captured if Don Carlos de España had held the point he was ordered, or had even reported his having abandoned it. The runaways escaped at that point on which Lord Wellington did not press, believing it to be impassable; thus the full bowl was again dashed from his lips.

"I saw him," says Napier—a soldier portraying a soldier,—“late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, showed in the dark how well the field was won. He was alone—the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful; but his voice was calm and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he had defeated greater warriors than Marlborough ever encountered, with a prescient pride, he seemed only to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things.”

Alone he did it; no single blow that day was struck by Spanish sabre. No record, no memorial has been raised by Spain; but there they still stand, those grey Arapiles, witnesses of a truth which neither envy smarting under defeat, nor the writhing under obligations, can ever "rail from off the bond."





THE ENTRY INTO MADRID.

Salamanca delivered Madrid, and caused the siege of Cadiz to be abandoned ; the recoil shook Napoleon in Russia and raised the courage of Europe. Joseph fled from his capital, which Lord Wellington entered August 12th, " it being impossible," he wrote, " to describe the joy manifested by the inhabitants upon our arrival." The scene was most striking, morally and picturesquely. " He, a foreigner, and marching at the head of a foreign army, was met and welcomed to the capital of Spain by the whole remaining population. The multitude, who before that hour had never seen him, came forth to hail his approach—not with feigned enthusiasm, not with acclamations extorted by the fear of a conqueror's power, nor yet excited by the proneness of human nature to laud the successful ; for there was no tumultuous exultation ; famine was among them, and long-endured misery had subdued their spirits ;—but with tears, and every other sign of deep emotion, they crowded round his horse, hung upon his stirrups, or, throwing themselves on the earth, blessed him aloud as the friend of Spain. His triumph was as pure and glorious as it was uncommon, and he felt it to be so."

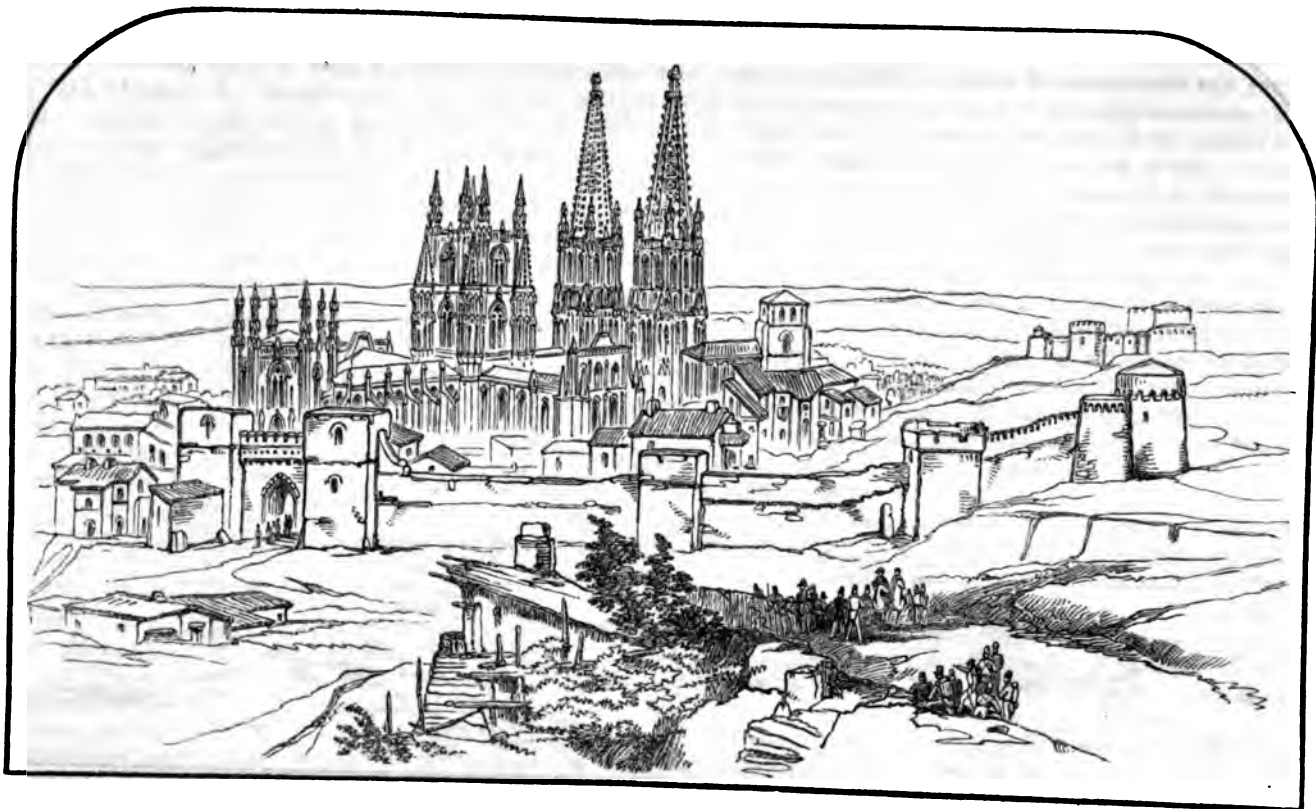
Lord Wellington was lodged in the palace, a vast and truly royal pile, unequalled in Europe. Erected in 1787 by Philip V., and in rivalry of Louis XIV., it rises nobly over the river Manzanares, and commands views sweeping over the open country. Built of white stone, in the sun it glitters like an Aladdin fabric ; seen by moonlight, it looms like a fabled snow abode of an enchanter of the north.

The position of Lord Wellington, master of Madrid, thus housed, and so seemingly full of pride and promise, was most perilous in reality. Far from Portugal, his stronghold, he found himself with his thinned forces in the centre of hungry Spain, and left so " absolutely bankrupt" by his Government, that the officers wounded at Salamanca were obliged to sell their clothes. In Madrid, gaunt famine and destitution stared him in the face ; and while hailed by popular blessing and enthusiasm, which might have intoxicated a weaker minded conqueror, he " shuddered when reflecting on the enormity of his task, with inadequate powers to do anything himself, and without assistance of any kind from any individual of the Spanish nation,—of all others the most incapable of useful exertion, the most vain, and at the same time the most ignorant, particularly of military matters, and above all, of military matters in their own country." Although he thus felt and wrote, he did not despair ; and when all his great plans were deranged by the failure of those who were to have co-operated, his only resource was, by the capture of Burgos, to open a communication with Galicia, which he hoped soon to do, and then when Burgos had fallen, to return and march on Soult and Suchet. Having divided his army, and leaving Hill in Madrid, he ordered Ballasteros to occupy a position between the capital and the French, and advanced to Burgos ; then it was, that the arrogant Spaniard, refusing to obey a foreign generalissimo as a degradation, left the flank open to Soult, who ~~gaining on~~ ^{gaining on} Madrid, compelled Hill to fall back and Lord Wellington to retreat. Thus the victory of Salamanca was ~~neutralised~~ ^{neutralised}, and ~~he was again balked of his rich harvest of honour, by an ally, oftener more an incumbrance than an aid.~~

THE RETREAT FROM BURGOS.

Burgos, the time-honoured capital of Old Castile, with its filagree-spired cathedral, is built between the river Arlanzon and a steep eminence guarded by a strong castle, by which the main communications of the enemy with France were protected. Lord Wellington left Madrid, September 1st, expecting to be joined by the army of Galicia, which, 35,000 strong on paper, arrived, after infinite delays, only 11,000—ragged rabble, wanting in everything. Lord Wellington, although men and means abounded in England, was left by his Government, to whom he had over and over again written, without the semblance of a siege establishment; while Madrid, where there was an ample supply of artillery, would not furnish the means of moving one single gun. On the 19th, our General sat down before the fortress of Burgos with only three pieces; for those which were to have been sent him from Santander, only arrived *after* the siege was raised. The Spaniards, moreover, had deceived him by reporting the castle to be weak; one glance revealed its formidable strength. Lord Wellington, never very sanguine, but apprehensive of failure even before he began, unfortunately, as he admitted, had brought with him inexperienced troops, and now found himself opposed by Dubreton, an excellent officer at the head of a tried garrison, and excellently provided with stores, artillery, and ammunition,—in which he was so deficient. Nevertheless, he would and ought to have succeeded in “this most difficult job,” had the leader of the assault obeyed his instructions. Fortune frowned throughout. After repeated struggles against most untoward accidents and obstacles, and the loss of 2000 men, the intelligence of the vindictive disobedience of Ballasteros, and of Soult’s advance on Madrid reached him; then, great as he felt the sacrifice to be, he seized the nick of time, and instantly, October the 21st, raised the siege. Thus the victor of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz was baffled by a third-rate fortress; thus the glorious vision in his eye was changed, by the misconduct of others, into the cold reality of a dangerous winter retreat. He now conceived and executed a nice and difficult operation, and, during the night filed his whole army under the guns of the castle, muffling his carriage wheels with straw; and all would have passed unobserved, had not some noisy, irregular Spanish cavalry alarmed the garrison. By this daring move he gained a day’s advance on the enemy. Protected by the halo of his glory, he retreated calmly and collectedly. “No troops were ever less pressed by an enemy.” Nay, Caffarelli at Rueda, October 31st, cowed by his very presence, declined, with 45,000 men, to venture to attack him with only 20,000 English and Portuguese. “When I saw,” wrote he, “the whole of the enemy’s army, it was *very clear to me* that they ought to eat me up! I have got off in a handsome manner out of the worst scrape I ever “was in.” That scrape was the fault of others; the merit of that getting off, his own.

Again, November the 3rd, when joined by Hill from Madrid, he once more stood on his old ground, on Salamanca’s memorable plain, and with 52,000 men offered battle to Soult, Jourdan, and Clausel, who mustered 92,000; recollecting their very faces, and the Arapiles, they hesitated, and lost the golden opportunity. Then it was that he defied unmolested and wound up safely at Ciudad Rodrigo,—a retreat more glorious than many aggressive campaigns.





THE VICTORY OF VITORIA.

The retreat from Burgos was not unproductive of good. Shamed by the popular indignation, our Government at last enabled Lord Wellington to open the next campaign more effectively. Carefully masking his plans, he quitted Portugal for ever, and crossing the Duero within the frontier, dashed suddenly on Spain, an unexpected apparition—the glories of twelve victories playing about his bayonets. Taken by surprise, and unable to stem the torrent, Joseph hastily evacuated Madrid and fell back on the Ebro, which had been prepared for a strong defence. This fancied security was soon dispelled, as Lord Wellington turned the position by crossing the river higher up and near its sources. For six days did his veterans work their way through the roughest and most intricate country ever traversed by army, until “trickling from the mountains, they burst like raging streams from every defile, and went foaming into the basin of Vitoria.” This masterly operation was conducted so silently and so unperceived, that the French imagined “Lord Wellington to be asleep.”

The plain of Vitoria extends about twelve miles in length by ten broad; apparently level, it is broken by ravines and intersected by the Zadorra. The martial spectacle was most superb, when an unclouded sun of the 21st lighted up the day of battle. Joseph and Jourdan were attacked to their right and left at once, and both flanks were soon turned. While these two victories were being gained, Lord Wellington led the centre, and struck at the heart of the enemy's position, by his splendid rush on the Arinez hillock. “Come on, ye fighting villains!” cried old Picton, shooting from the quiver of his martial mind those pithy pointed words, which lips blackened by cartridge greet with grim smiles, and led his invincible division to a charge which bore all before it, in absolute, hopeless, unmitigated defeat. Joseph was the first to turn and fly; the French were “beaten before the town, in the town, behind the town, and all about the town.” They ran away, leaving behind 6000 killed and wounded; eagles, baggage, fifty cannon, and the five years' accumulated pillage of the Peninsula, when every Frenchman robbed, from King Joseph down to the fraction of a drummer boy; all was disgorged in one moment. More than 2000 loaded vehicles, drawn up in the rear—a grievous error,—encumbered the escape and impeded the pursuit. The English, who marched over gold and silver, were tempted and detained by the booty. Joseph's carriage was taken, crammed to-bursting with stolen goods and pictures; the last, trophies won in fair fight, now worthily adorn Apsley House. There, no plate stripped from the altar, no Murillos torn from the shrine, deck banquet or gallery. Jourdan's *baton*, which now was found in his *fourgon* of eatables, was laid at the Prince Regent's feet, who, with great good taste, returned the compliment to the captor with the staff of an English marshal.

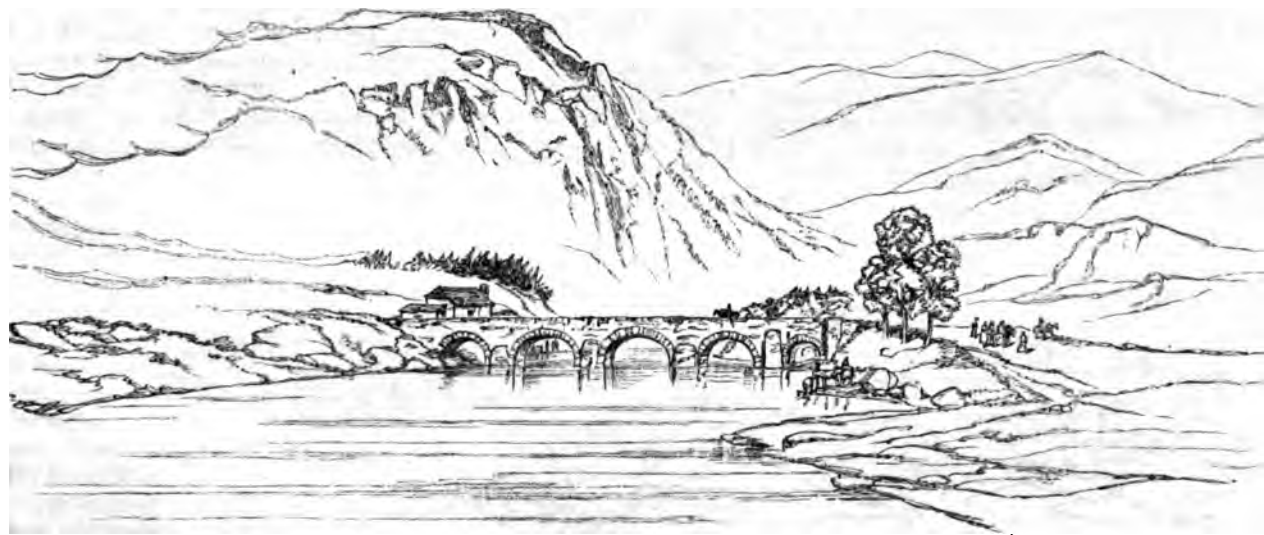
Soon, in six weeks, Lord Wellington had marched 600 miles, passed six great rivers, gained one decisive battle, invested two fortresses, and driven 120,000 veterans from Spain. Vitoria expelled the invader, shook Napoleon at Dresden, fixed the wavering adhesion of Austria, and was the harbinger of Leipsig. The English loss amounted to 8308: the Spanish to 553. Now *they* claim the lion's share of the victory as theirs. At Vitoria, Colonel Cadogan fell, leading his men to victory, and with his last breath begged only to be so placed, that with closing eyes watching the flying foe, he might die happy.

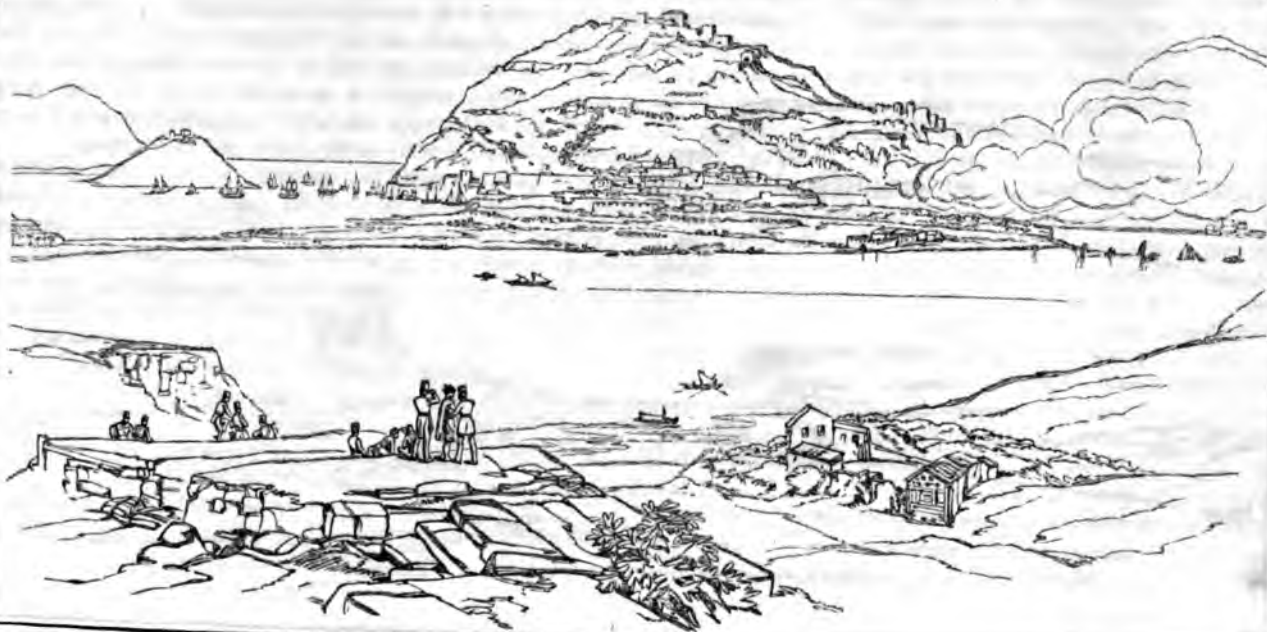
THE BRIDGE AT SORAUREN.

Lord Wellington's deliverance of the Peninsula was accelerated by the fortunate events in Russia and Germany. Napoleon, worsted and hardly pressed, had summoned Soult from Spain, eager to secure about his own person the services of his ablest general. Now staggering under the blow of Vitoria, and feeling that Spain was fast slipping from his grasp, he appointed that Marshal, Lieutenant of the Empire; who, reappearing in July on the Pyrenees, rapidly consolidated his forces, took up a position in the mountains, and willing and able to strike, watched the progress of the English. Lord Wellington was obliged to separate his forces. The French still held San Sebastian, which commanded the seaboard, and maintained Pamplona, which covered the approaches by land. His lines therefore were necessarily extended; while Soult was free to concentrate his forces, and attack whenever and wherever he chose, with great numerical superiority.

Now also Sir Thomas Graham, by mismanaging the siege of San Sebastian, and Sir John Murray, by needlessly abandoning his battering train at Tarragona, compelled Lord Wellington to blockade Pamplona, being unable to besiege it in person. Then, and during his absence, July 23, Soult determined on attempting its relief, and by pouring his greatest forces on our weakest advanced points, forced them to retire; yet he dared not deal the stroke of fate. Had he pushed on, Pamplona must have been relieved; but "fighting old Picton" stood firm, a lion in his path. During this short delay, Lord Wellington, who was at San Sebastian righting the blunders of others, hearing of Soult's advance, set off at "racing speed," reached Sorauren on the 27th, halted, and perceiving at once the real state of things, pencilled on the parapet of the bridge a few words, dispatched them by his single companion, and galloped up the hill alone. The French entered the village, luckily, as he said, about two minutes after he had left it. On what trifles do mighty destinies turn!—had this one man been lost, all would have been lost. And now, as this one man of charmed life rode up alone, the whole army saw him, and welcomed their tutelar genius with a true English cheer—sure omen of victory. "Soult will hear that," said Lord Wellington, "and from caution will hesitate attacking; this will give time for the division I have ordered up to arrive, and I shall beat him." He then sat quietly down and read the newspapers. He knew his man, and Soult knew his. He heard the cheer, did hesitate, and lost a day which lost him.

The next morning, the 4th, and fit anniversary of Talavera, Soult attacked in force. Lord Wellington, who was writing a despatch, threw down the pen for the sword: after a most desperate encounter, the foe was repulsed, with terrific shock, in huge disorder. On that sanguinary day, three British companies bore down a whole brigade;—no child's play then, but *staggering work.* The gallantry of the French troops was beyond praise; but familiar now with defeat, with every prestige *road and palmy days flown,* they were dispirited; while their antagonists, flushed with success and confident in the *as of their great captain,* felt that the day of battle was the day of victory.





THE STORMING OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

The town of San Sebastian is built in a conical shape on an isthmus of the sea, isolated by a tidal river. The hill above about 400 feet high, is fortified strongly. To dislodge the French from this hold in the rear of his advances, was essential to Lord Wellington. The harbour, moreover, offered a point for embarkation, which he foresaw might be necessary, from the increasing hostility of the Spaniards and Portuguese towards the English, their deliverers! Unable to be everywhere at once, Lord Wellington confided the siege to Sir Thomas Graham. The place was excellently garrisoned by 3000 men under General Rey, and the French "masters of the sea" supplied him amply. Graham, acting contrary to the advice of the British engineers, failed August 25th, and fell back after an unprofitable loss of brave men. Then Lord Wellington was forced to come in person. Now batteries were raised on the sand hills, as ought to have been done at first, and the enemy soon took refuge in the castle. An incessant fire was kept up from the 26th to the 29th, when the town was silenced, and two gaping breaches above, apparently practicable, invited assault, which Lord Wellington ordered for the 31st, at low tide.

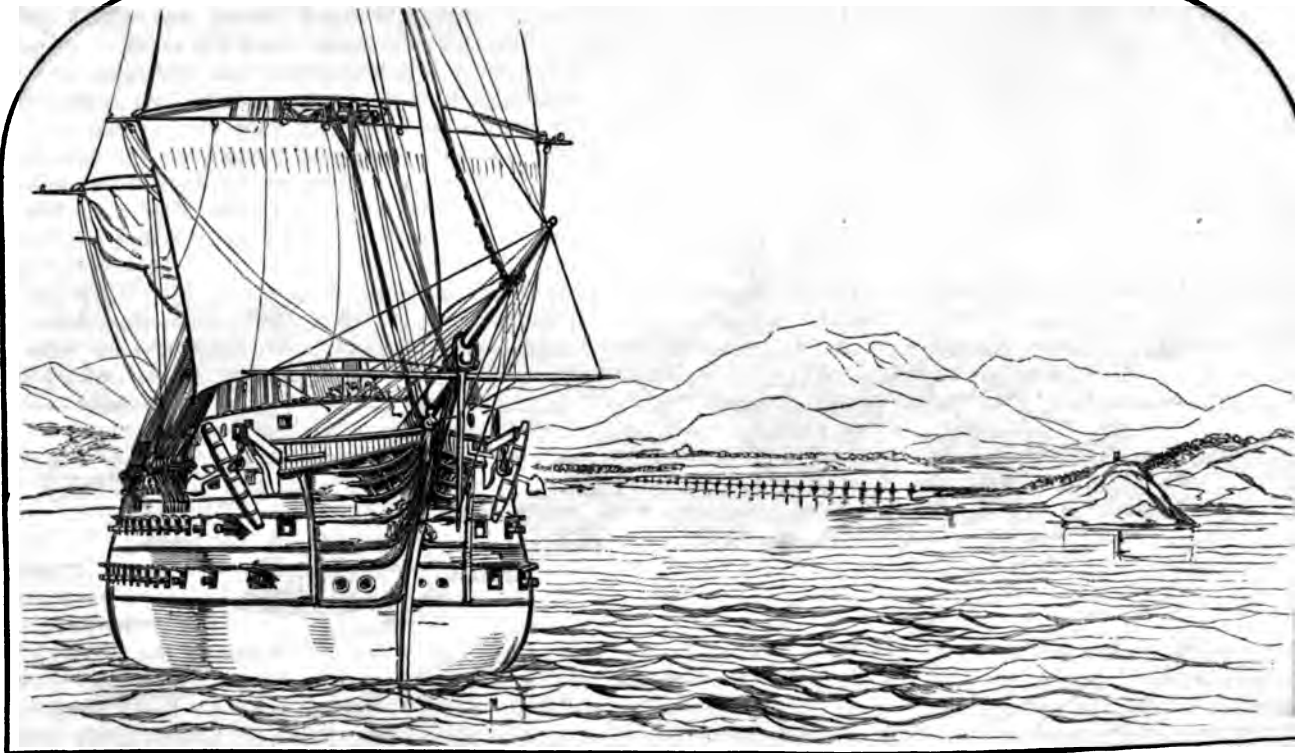
The morning broke heavily; and when the British storming party, scourged by volleys from all sides, reached the breach which seemed so wide, it was found to be so narrow as barely to admit single files to enter. None outlived the attempt. The troops that swarmed up the steep melted away under the consuming fire of the French, and the hill sides were covered with dead and wounded. Then was adopted the bold resolution of again opening the artillery against the breach, and showers of shot and shells passed narrowly over the heads of the storming parties; while the practice was so perfect that the discharge dealt confusion and havoc to the enemy, few of the assailants were hurt, none disheartened, but all were manfully resisting. Meanwhile, the rising tide cut off reinforcements for any further assaults, pushed already to the verge of desperation; in this critical crisis fortune smiled. A shell from the British batteries set fire to a reserve of ammunition accumulated in the rear of the besieged, when hundreds of the French grenadiers were destroyed by the explosion. During the confusion, and amid eddies of smoke and flames, the English broke in on the bewildered garrison, and the fortress was won at the fearful expense of 5000 brave men and officers, who thus redeemed, as on former occasions, the crimes of politicians. An awful thunder cloud and storm now fell down from the mountains, and closed, like a curtain pall, on this tragedy of death.

The gallant defence of General Rey was stained by his setting the town on fire, and by his behaviour to women and children prisoners; San Sebastian underwent the sad but usual fate of towns taken by storm, and was terribly sacked, to the infinite sorrow of Lord Wellington, who did his utmost to prevent it. This catastrophe was the theme of Buonaparte's most libellous bulletins, re-echoed by Spaniards, who stung the hand that saved them. Long accustomed to repose on the pedestal of his own glory and conscience, Lord Wellington had hitherto treated these inventions of the enemy when regarding himself, with silent scorn, trusting to time which reveals everything; at the foul calumnies against his soldiers, his iron temper gave way, and he indignantly scattered these "enormous lies" as readily with his pen, as he had shivered their forgers with the sword.

THE PASSAGE OF THE ADOUR.

The capture of San Sebastian enabled Lord Wellington to resume his progress, and soon driving the enemy headlong beyond the Pyrenees, and "emerging from the chaos of the Peninsular struggle, he stood a recognised conqueror. Then, on "those lofty pinnacles, the clangour of his trumpets pealed loud and clear, and his splendour appeared as a beacon to "warring nations," and the manifestations of such valour and skill, of such great ends effected with such small means, held up a bright example to all time. Pressing on in spite of unfavourable weather, and scandalous privations from the neglect of his Government, he soon planted his victorious troops on the "sacred soil of France;" a great and humiliating fact, which neither *Moniteur* could conceal, nor Buonapartist bulletin gainsay. Soult on this occasion exerted all his skill and energy to check the torrent; every inch in advance was magnificently defended by him, and magnificently gained; while such was Lord Wellington's conciliatory policy, such his good discipline, that the French population clung to him for protection from the ill-usage and exactions of their own demoralised troops. Thus the countrymen of the invaders, whose Massenas had waged a *razzia* of savages in the Peninsula, experienced, when invaded themselves, all the courtesies and humanities of civilised warfare.

The struggle recommenced with the new year 1814; in the meantime, while the ranks of Soult had been thrice reinforced, the English army was much weakened. Our ministry had detached Graham to Holland, and such was the misconduct of the Spanish troops in France, that Lord Wellington sent many back into their own country, preferring to diminish his numbers, rather than command undisciplined freebooters. The possession of Bayonne, which commanded the sea, was now essential. This strong city rises over the Adour, a broad river, with an ebb-tide running seven miles an hour, and discharging the tributary streams that gush from the Alpine ranges. The Adour at this moment was almost impassable. Swollen with wintry torrents, the shifting bar at its mouth unusually perilous, and guarded by gun-boats and 15,000 men at Bayonne, to have prepared pontoons, a work of much time, must have revealed the plan to the enemy. Lord Wellington determined to cross it by surprise; and never were the activity and intrepidity of British soldiers and sailors more severely tried; never was success more commensurately complete. The passage of the Adour was a *pendant* to that of the Duero. The French, considering the feat impossible, were neither vigilant or on their guard; rafts were suddenly thrown across the stream below Bayonne, February 23rd, and by evening 600 of the guards passed over; then the enemy sallied forth, and were met by the rocket brigade, called for the first time into action. The French, for whom shell and shot had lost all terrors, were utterly confounded by these flying and fiery serpents, that came rushing and hissing through their ranks, and retired; thus the allies were suffered to cross the stream, and the next day beheld the triumphant divisions on the *opposite banks*. Never was nobler act performed on nobler theatre; where mountain and plain, river and sea, rock and *wood, with the old city gleaming in the centre, the key of the position and prize of the victor, combined to form a magnificent panorama*: thus Bayonne was invested, and the direct road to Bordeaux opened to Wellington.





TOULOUSE.

The Adour once passed, Lord Wellington turned instantly on Orthez, and, February 27th, met, saw, and conquered Soult again. Never did beaten army more narrowly escape utter destruction, for at this critical moment, Lord Wellington, struck by a spent ball, was unable to follow up the retreat, which soon ended in headlong confused flight. Depressed by constant defeat, by loss of magazines, and the increasing ill-will of his own countrymen, Soult could now only hope by prolonging the war, to trust to accidents and the good star of the Emperor. After issuing some unworthy vituperative bombast, and almost claiming Orthez as *his* victory, Soult stationed himself at Toulouse. And now so little was our great General comprehended by the ministers at home, that his destined reinforcements were sent to the swamps of Holland; and a conqueror in France, he was forced to *beg* even for the safety and "honour of the handful of brave men, which had "struggled for nearly six years through its difficulties," and this, only four short days before he victoriously terminated the Peninsular war.

Lord Wellington advanced on Toulouse, a picturesque old city, girdled with mediæval walls and towers, and placed on the right bank of the Garonne. Strong in itself, its canal, and the suburb St. Cyprien, Soult had carefully entrenched every approach, and especially increased the defences that guarded the passage of the river. This was so swollen that no effort to cross over succeeded, until April 3rd, when it was passed fifteen miles below the town. The allies, from vexatious obstacles and accidents, were unable to attack Toulouse before the 10th, and then under the greatest disadvantages. The conflict opened untowardly: the Spaniards under Freyre, advancing too rashly on a height, were ably met, repulsed, and fled; while Picton, regardless of orders, by converting a false attack on a bridge of the canal into a real one, was overmatched and driven back; thus the chances and means of victory were in the hands of the French, and all depended on Beresford's brigade. Fortunately, the enemy wanting in boldness and decision, was signally discomfited. Meantime, Hill, always successful, got possession of the strong suburb; and Soult, whose feebleness had lost him the opportunity, retired about five o'clock behind the canal, and retreating in the night of the 11th, abandoned his strong forts, eight pieces of artillery, three generals, 1600 prisoners and wounded, stores, and magazines; by making a forced march of twenty-two miles, he was spared the shame of witnessing Lord Wellington's triumphant entry into Toulouse.

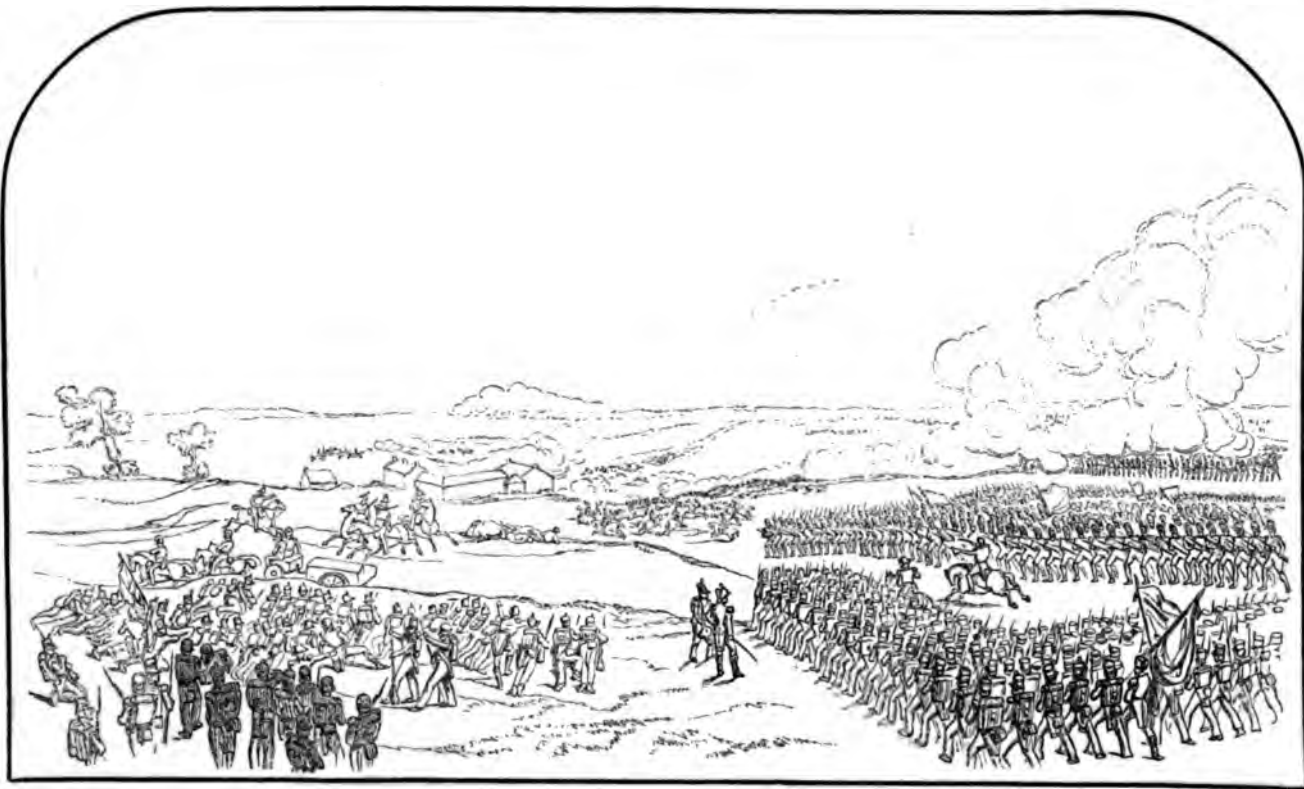
This defeat has since been travestied into a victory by some French; not indeed by Soult, who bitterly knew the truth. This sorry claim needs no confutation. The object of one General was to hold, of the other to take, the city, and he did. The grievous blood spilling on both sides might have been spared, had either army known of the previous abdication of Napoleon, which neither did; although suspicions were expressed in the *Moniteur*, that the intelligence had been intercepted, to give Soult a last opportunity of retrieving his broken reputation, by fighting a battle in a position which he could not impregnable. For this last feat and finish of the war, Lord Wellington was elevated to a Dukedom.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The first occupation of Paris by the allies, and the forced abdication of Napoleon, gave but a brief peace to the weary world; soon the imperial eagle, escaping from Elba, and flying from church tower to tower, alighted on the Tuilleries; and the flames of war were rekindled by the crimes and ambition of one man. Then was felt the full value of Wellington, and into his hands the avenging sword was placed by the universal cry of Europe in arms. Now Belgium, the immemorial battlefield of the Continent, formed the van, and the defence was entrusted to the nearest powers. The Prussian army, superb in all points, enthusiastically followed the gallant old Blucher. The English contingent was weak and ill equipped; the soldiers, chiefly raw recruits who had never been in fire, were pitted against veterans whose occupation was war, and who fought in the presence of their Emperor. The marrow of the "brave little Peninsular army" was far away across the Atlantic.

The Duke divining Napoleon's plans had, so early as April, made Brussels his central point. There, on the 15th of June, and at about three in the afternoon, he learned that the French had that morning crossed the frontier. Napoleon, who was found strategically wanting throughout this his last campaign, instead of striking (and he was master of the initiative) a rapid and heavy blow on either of the allies single-handed, now divided his forces. On the 16th, while he in person obtained some advantage over the Prussians at Ligny, Ney was repulsed in his simultaneous attack on the English at Quatre Bras. Blucher retired in good order to Wavre, and the Duke acting in concert, fell back, with the regularity of a parade, on Waterloo. The night of the 17th was rainy; and the hostile forces, in presence of each other, bivouacked on the cheerless ground.

The prescient Duke had noted his position before. Excellent for defensive or offensive operations, it lay on a gentle undulating slope, about two miles in length, and overlooked the enemy. It was backed by a village and forest, which offered admirable points of resistance in case of retreat. Napoleon, on the morning of the 18th, mustered 71,947 men, with 246 guns, altogether one of the finest armies he ever commanded. The allies numbered 67,661 men, with 156 guns. Virtually, *they did not exceed 50,000, for only 23,991 were English,* with 25,886 stout Germans, as the Dutch Belgians, 17,784, enacting





the part of the Spaniards at Talavera, never faced the foe, but fled. The overwhelming numerical superiority of the French compelled the Duke to adopt Fabian tactics, and stand firm, maintaining his ground for the four hours, when he calculated on being joined by the Prussians. Blucher, true to the back-bone, started early—"Forward, forward!"—but from accidents and obstacles, eight hours were occupied in the march. The Duke, busy but cool, was on the ground at sunrise, perfecting every preparation; while Napoleon, whose genius seemed extinct, instead of attacking at daybreak, delayed until about half-past eleven. The details of the battle are familiar to all; and there is "no mistake" in the homely, straightforward account, written a fortnight after by the Duke to his veteran comrade, Beresford:—

"You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match; both were what the boxers 'call' gluttons.' Napoleon did not manœuvre at all; he just moved forward in the old style in columns, and was driven 'off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well. Boney is now off, I believe, for Rochefort."

Napoleon, who evinced no generalship whatever, moved forward dense masses, vainly hoping—reckless of loss of his troops—to force the English position. He was baffled at Hougomont, and beaten back by Picton, who fell gloriously at the head of his division, reduced from 8000 to 1800 men. The French columns rolled onwards like waves, and were spent on the reefs of our thin lines and squares, which never once gave way. Bleeding at every pore, and charged sometimes on three sides at once, they presented to the last the same unbroken front. "Neither the cannon balls of the Imperial Guard, discharged almost point blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France," says even General Foy (no habitual eulogiser of the Duke or his troops), "could make the least impression on the unmoveable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had been rooted to the ground, but for the majestic movement which its battalions commenced some minutes after sunset, at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington that he had just achieved the most decisive victory of the age."

During the hottest of the struggle, the Duke had ordered his infantry when not engaged to lie down in the hollows, and thus let the iron sleet of shot and shells pass over. As the long day wore on, Napoleon redoubled his efforts, and at last, setting his all on the cast, moved up his own guard; this splendid corps crested the ridge manfully. Now the moment was come; and at the brief command, our guards were up and at them; the whole brigade rose as a man, poured in one murderous volley, gave one cheer, and charged with the bayonet. Then the cry, "Sauve qui peut," arose, and the whole French army turned and ran. Now Blucher advanced to consummate the decisive blow; and the sun, dimming all

shone forth, and gilded this conclusion devoutly hoped for. Night brought no repose to the vanquished. The summer moon rose brightly, and lighted on the Prussians, fresh and panting for revenge. Then, in the words of brave Blucher's despatch, "the French retreat became a rout—the flight of barbarians. The causeway presented the appearance of an immense shipwreck, covered with fragments of every kind. The enemy were driven from every bivouac: as soon as they heard the beating of our drums or the sound of the trumpet, they either fled or hid in houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners;—our whole march was but a continued chase." The Duke and Blucher met in the hour of victory near *La Belle Alliance*—fit name for fit incident—and never had English general fought with truer, braver ally—no Cuesta now. "I should not," wrote the Duke in his despatch, "do justice to my own feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them." The English, fatigued with the twelve hours' contest, bivouacked on the field stained with the best blood of more than 40,000 killed and wounded; but, ready and eager after such a struggle, advanced the next morning, in soldier-like array, and marching directly on Paris, sealed a brief campaign, which secured a long peace to the world, and a fame that will last for ever.

"Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to the lot of any conqueror to look back so entirely on the whole past without fear or reproach. More precious than the Marshal's staff—the Dukedom—the million—the honours and rewards of his prince and country,—more desirable than his enduring fame is the reflection that his deeds were done for the deliverance of oppressed nations, for the safety, honour, and welfare of his sovereign and his dominions,—for the general interests of his own country, of Europe and the civilised world. His campaigns have been sanctified by the cause; they have been sullied by no cruelty, by no crimes. The chariot wheels of his triumphs have been followed by no curses; his laurels are intertwined with the olive branch; and upon his death-bed he may remember his victories among his good works."

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